

JULY 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND



A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

CLASSIC



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Contest Winner*

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The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

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The new contest is in full swing and every number of *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, *CLASSIC* and *SHADOWLAND* carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

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Address
Street
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:
.....
When born.....
Blonde or Brunette.....
Weight..... Height.....
(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest
of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell
Blanche McGarrity
Virginia Fair
Anita Booth

Corliss Palmer
Allene Ray
Beth Logan
Helen DeWitt
Mary Astor
Erminie Gagnon
Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins



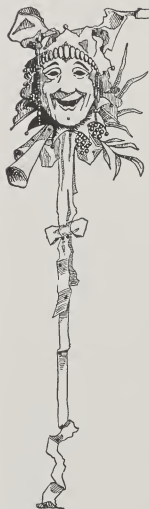
Rules of the Contest

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure a reply.
6. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
7. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, *CLASSIC* or *SHADOWLAND* are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.



VOLUME IV

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

JULY, 1921



NUMBER 5

Important Features in this Issue:

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.....*Frank Harris*

The Second of this Famous Editor's New Series of Contemporary Portraits

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY TYPE OF 1922

.....*William de Wagstaffe*

An Interview with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., upon National Ideas in Pulchritude

THE NEGRO IN THE THEATER

.....*Kenneth Macgowan*

The well-known Critic discusses the Part the Black Man has Played upon the American Stage

MAIN STREET, THE FARMER AND

LITERATURE.....*Frederick James Smith*

Sinclair Lewis is a Stern Critic of America

BAUDELAIRE: IRONIC DANTE

.....*Benjamin de Casseres*

The Frenchman Who was a Combination of Puck and Iago

WHAT CENSORSHIP REALLY MEANS

.....*Harold Stearns*

True Reform, says Mr. Stearns, will Come thru the Disappearance of the Reformers

THE RED FLAG IN THE RUSSIAN

BALLET.....*Herbert Howe*

The Fascinating Story of the young California dancer, Hubert Stowitts

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: MASTER OF

MOODS.....*Pierre Loving*

The Virtuoso of the Amourette is something far more

HERMAN ROSSE: DESIGNER AND

THEORIST.....*Oliver M. Saylor*

Relating to the newest Leader of the New Stage Movement

Interviews with Eugene O'Neill, Madge Kennedy and Kedar nath Das Gupta

Departments devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

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SHADOWLAND

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SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUR COLOR PLATES:



Rose Rolande

The Vivid Classic Dancer Who Has
Won Broadway



Florence O'Denishawn

The Picturesque And Colorful
Danseuse



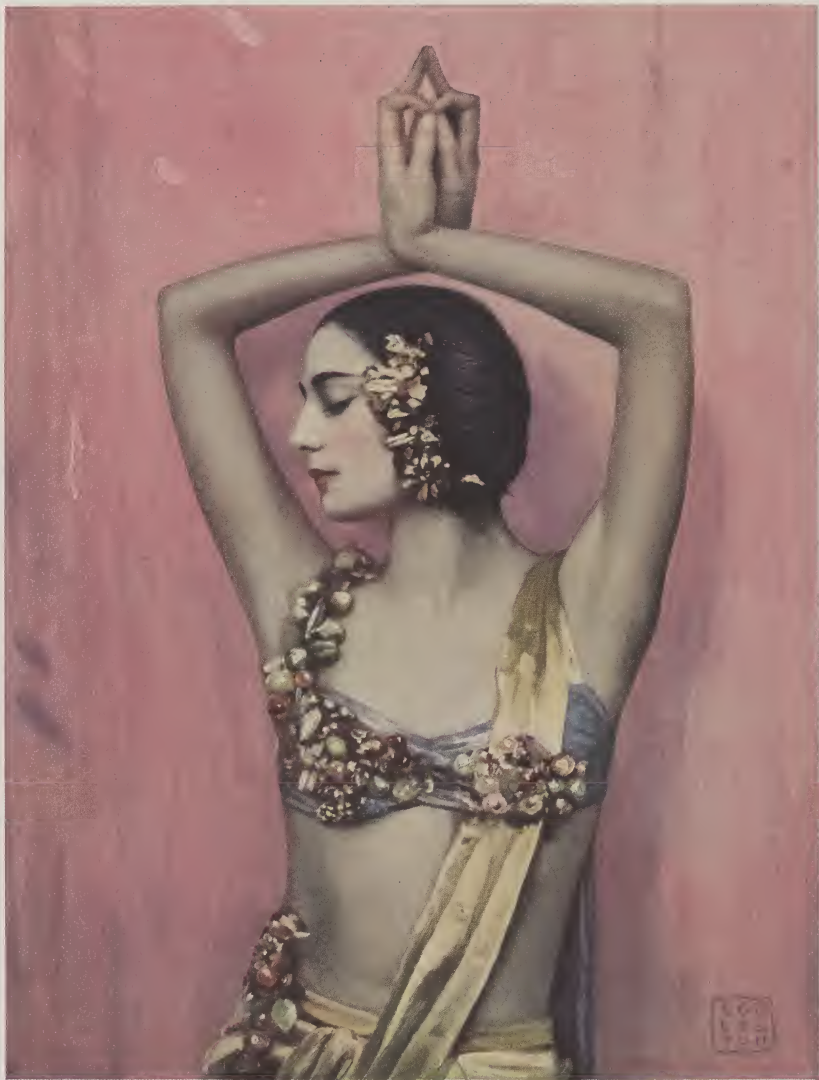
Herman Rosse

Two Interesting Settings Designed By
The Stage Creator



Edward Adam Kramer

Two Examples Of The Delicate
Technique Of This Artist



From a photograph by Nickolas Muray

Rose Polanska



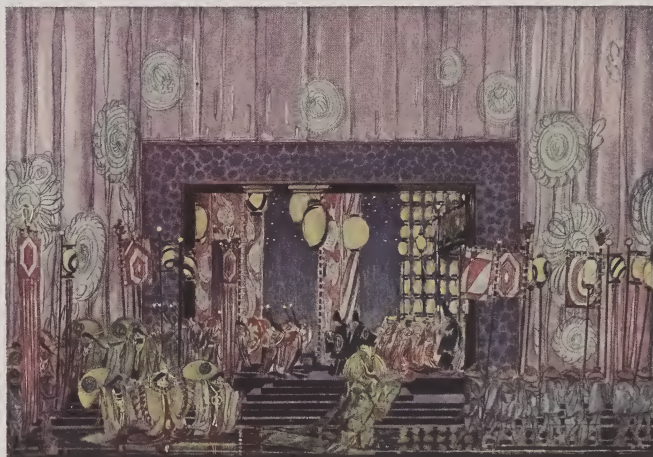
From a photograph by Francis Bruguière

Florence O'Donoghue



TWO INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF STAGE
SETTINGS DESIGNED BY HERMAN ROSSI

[See Story of Mr. Rossi on Page 19]





TWO UNUSUAL
EXAMPLES OF
THE ART OF
EDWARD ADAM
KRAMER

*Above: "DEPARTURE
OF PERSEPHONE"*

*Right: "EVENING
SHADOWS"*

*The original canvases
were loaned to SHADOW-
LAND by the Hancock
Galleries, New York City.*



The Art of Edward Adam Kramer

By Edward H. Smith

"A WORK of art," says the sapient Zola, "is a corner of creation seen thru a personality." In the case of Edward Adam Kramer I wonder if the epigram should not be reversed. A Kramer picture is a corner of his personality projected thru some phase of nature. One stands in the presence of his ethereal treescapes with the inescapable feeling of some disembodied presence. These are not willows and larches and elms but the wraiths of elusive thoughts and defeated wishes. Here is not a woodland seen thru the artist but Kramer glimpsed in the dress of his trees. An altogether subtler and remoter art is this; the visualization of a spirit. Nothing for the groundling here, but for the elect everything that is rare and mysterious in the creative work of man.

It is thus no whit strange that this significant painter labored for thirty years in darkness and obscurity, without selling so much as a single picture for even a decent price, without a word from the critical gentlemen, without anything but faith. It is hardly more than a year since he was first accorded any large public showing of his works and so only a little while since the pathos of the man and the unworldly beauty of his creations smote the attention of the public.

Since then praise and honors have come tolerably fast upon him. Those who could find no merit in him of old, when he went about offering his pictures in the market place, have become suddenly aware and awake. His work has sold, and for good prices. There is even the danger of a professional following and the upstart of glib ladies and gentlemen who will make it their business to "understand" this difficult and complex artist and to label him with pert descriptions. Before their work needs to be undone, a word about Kramer and his genesis.

There was an old Teutonic tailor on the lower west side of New York in the later decades of the last century who loved Schiller and the German romantics, and spent more time upon them than thriftier men. Of his sons, one was this Edward Adam Kramer, a lean, gangling, large headed, mystical boy, whose lack of any practical sense or



Photograph by Nicholas Muray

EDWARD ADAM KRAMER

palpable ambition was the despair of every relative. The lad could literally do nothing but make scrawly drawings on stray pieces of paper. An American parent of that period in that section of our metropolis would certainly have seen something hugely immoral and threatening in this stripping, and whipped him to a desk in the bank or an apprenticeship to the neighboring plumber. But this tailor sent his boy to a drawing teacher and later to a painting master. (Continued on page 66)

Edward Adam Kramer is the son of an East Side tailor. His art is highly interesting and highly individual, marked by a quite indescribable beauty and delicacy. At the left is a little landscape drawing by Mr. Kramer





JULANNE JOHNSTON

A new Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Emma Haig

New Studies of the
Musical Comedy
and
Vaudeville Favorite
by the
Hixon-Connelly Studios





The Bolm Ballet Intime

Photographs
by
Charlotte Fairchild

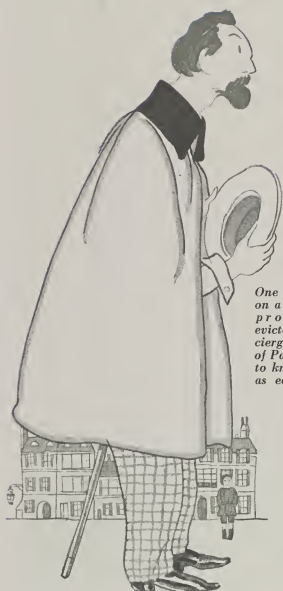
Above, a study of Ruth Page, premier danseuse of the Bolm ballet, in "Deception," based upon a Schubert walse. The costume is by Anne Neacy. At the right is Mr. Bolm in his "Suggestion Diabolique," in which he uses a Benda mask. The music is by Serge Prokofeff. Miss Neacy created the unique costume





Miss Page and Mr. Bolm in the Bolm conception, "Les Precieux Ridicules," music by Prokofieff. This is one of the colorful new dance creations of the Bolm ballet

Wynn Braves Montmartre



One of the "old school" on a studio hunt. He has probably just been evicted by a diabolic concierge, really the scourge of Paris, if anybody wants to know. For studios are as easy to find as gold mines



The buccaneer of the boulevards and the terror of the Paris police. The apache is his own man, proud, aristocratic, fearing nothing. His habitat is the Montmartre dens. By his audacious exploits he has won a reputation that is the envy of crookdom the world over

A sheltered cove where the "Hill" pirates hold wassail. Its shady frequenters carry on their undiminished nocturnes under the inspiration of ether cocktails, vermouth and an occasional "snow"-fall





A study in nymphology. She does the can-can at the Bal Tabarin high jinks. The night of the Parade of Venus, she competes with dozens of other untamed sirens, from whom she captures the prize by her daring tenacity of costume



The apache dance as it is danced. No drawing-room chorographic number this. But a violent, passionate catch-as-catch-can, peptonized by the savage strains from a typically high-strung Montmartre band. It is a fierce sex-battle, in which the slogan is, "Be graceful, but treat 'em rough"



It is easy to go to "Hell" any night in Montmartre. Pay a two-franc tariff and see the handsome little devils trip in with the liquid temptation. Shapely, sinful hours are burned to cinders before your very eyes



A Montmartre noctambulation is incomplete without a visit to that temple of terror and creepy thrills, the Cabaret des Morts. The foamy nectar is served on coffins, while shadowy spectres, as volatile as oophs, make you think you are seeing things, à la Sir Oliver

"Holy horrors!" exclaims the innocent adventurer from Suburbia, exploring the apache-haunted parlours of Montmartre, where, in the very shadow of the great Sacre-Coeur Cathedral, may be found the rampant wickedness for which Paris has been justly called the "City of Dreadful Nights"



WUNN
PARIS
1920



GLADYS LESLIE

*The popular little Screen Star
Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

Herman Rosse: Designer and Theorist of the Theater

By Oliver M. Saylor

[Several interesting examples of Mr. Rosse's work, reproduced in colors, appear on page nine of this issue of SHADOWLAND. They should be studied in connection with Mr. Saylor's absorbing article.]

IN the flood-tide of controversy which has arisen in the wake of the revolutionary production of "Macbeth" by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones, the fact that there is such a thing as a New Movement in the Theater, destined possibly to remake it as an art from head to foot, has been brought home to many people who have thought of the so-called new stagecraft heretofore as merely an effort to provide plays with a more fitting and eloquent scenic setting. The realization that the new movement means something more than scenery and costumes, that it reaches down to an examination of the fundamental form and esthetic of the theater, with a challenge to old forms and theories to show cause why they should not be supplanted by new, provides an admirable and appropriate introduction for the appearance in New York of a new artist of the theater, Herman Rosse, of The Hague, the Orient, California and Chicago. Thru his exhibition of designs for the theater at the Arden Gallery, he is disclosed unmistakably as one of the leaders on whom the new movement may depend for original inspiration and for patient faith and persistence.

If it were not for the prejudice which exists in practical-minded America against theories and theorists, I would say that Herman Rosse demonstrates his individual ability as an artist of the theater most conspicuously in the rôle of theorist of the theater. His commissions carried out on the actual stage have been comparatively few in number, tho important, but meanwhile he has permitted a restless and eager mind to imagine what kind of a theater he would like to work in and how he would like to interpret therein plays written and yet to be written. As theorist, he has not merely thought and dreamed and written about his art, after the manner of those who have brought opprobrium on the term; instead, he has worked out his ideas in tangible, comprehensible design so that a practical mind will see evidence of a practical hand. And, as practitioner, he has applied his theories with a clear understanding of their purpose and a firm grasp of the concrete means of realizing them. To call Herman Rosse primarily a theorist of the theater, therefore, is simply to say that he knows what he is about. In this respect, he deserves a place side by side with Robert Edmond Jones and Norman-Bel Geddes, for, altho the ideas and methods of the three may differ widely, they are alike in their ability to see the theater whole and not simply to take orders from some producer for a set of designs for a given play.

In person as well as in mind and imagination, Herman Rosse is one of the most interesting figures connected with our theater. The profession of artist is stamped obviously upon him, and yet he is neither naturally nor intentionally unusual or eccentric. He is rather the type of



Photograph by Nickolas Murray

artist, naïve and simple and direct, who would never be suspected of cherishing radical or revolutionary ideas. He grows on acquaintance, and yet his quiet smile breaking thru and lighting up his substantial Dutch features and his reticent voice soon revealing conviction and firmness, make a distinctly happy immediate impression. His mental reticence, likewise, soon appears to be no indication of uncertainty but rather a mark of mental poise and of his unwillingness to be unduly insistent on what he believes, an evidence, too, of a breadth of mind which is eager to see honesty and significance in work dissimilar to his own.

Foreign by birth and upbringing, Rosse has adapted himself cordially to the land of his adoption without losing the inspiration which came to him from his contact with the European artistic and dramatic renaissance. His background is not so much that of his native Holland nor of the America in which he has spent most of his majority, as it is international. He is distinctly one of that small but growing body of artists whose impulses have been quickened and broadened by contact with the arts of many countries and who instead of letting their experience make dilettantes or imitators out of them have drawn therefrom a fresh impetus to make their own vision more expressive and eloquent. England and Italy added first to his early education as an architect in Holland, and then he came to the United States over a decade ago to study engineering and mathematics at Leland Stanford University. On completing his course he returned to his native country by way of the Orient, lingering leisurely

(Continued on page 75)

There is a new figure in the theater, Herman Rosse, of The Hague, the Orient, California and Chicago. He is one of the potential leaders of the new stage movement, and can be depended upon for original inspiration and for patient faith and persistence



The Parisian "Toto"

Both photographs by White Studios



Leo Ditrichstein plays another debonair and polished Parisian man-about-town in his latest vehicle, "Toto." Indeed, Mr. Ditrichstein plays King Toto, leader of a gay French clique of midnight rounders. In the upper picture is Paula Shea, who plays one of King Toto's enthusiastic followers



VIRGINIA BELL

*The colorful Danseuse now appearing on the Ziegfeld Roof
Photographic study by Robert Edwards*



"Love
Birds"
Flit
on
Broadway

The two fair readers at the top of the page are Bobby Reed and Betty Mack. They are among the fairest of the "Love Birds." Pat Rooney, the idolized vaudeville headliner, is the star of the cast, along with his wife, Marion Bent. At the right is Rose Desmon, another prominent "Love Bird"



Special
Photographs
for
SHADOWLAND
by Abbe



Just above is another study of Miss Mack, who also appears on the opposite page. Miss Mack is a Tennessee girl and one of the prettiest of the "Love Birds"



LENORE ULRIC

*A new Study of the David Belasco
Star by the Strauss-Peyton Studios*

"Nice People"



Photographs by White Studios



"NICE PEOPLE"

Clever and charming Francine Larrimore has just scored an unusual hit in Rachel Crothers' new drama, "Nice People," which discusses the problem of our motoring and jazzing younger generation. Miss Crothers' play is written from the box office angle but Miss Larrimore gives the breath of life to the madcap heroine. In the upper picture Robert Ames appears with Miss Larrimore



Photograph by Floyd

Kedar Nath Das Gupta comes from India. He is a man of ideals and ideas. He would bring from his native India to us some of the beauties of the land we know nothing of. These finer attributes he would transmit that there may begin to grow between the East and the West the subtly fine fabrication of understanding

beauty of the world lost to us is inconceivable. It is all about us, richly, waiting our exploratory touch, the divining rod of our sensibilities. And because our feet are slow and our touch is dull it lies fallow and unused.

For many of the commodities of life, edibles, things to wear, things to manufacture with, etc., we have what is known as the middleman. If we are unable to procure things direct, we can rely upon the middleman to procure them for us.

Mr. Kedar Nath Das Gupta would be, he says, the middleman of beauty.

He would bring from his native India to us some of the beauties of India we know nothing of. He would portray for us his people and the ways of his people, the gracious ways. . . . Such attributes as he feels to be fair and fine among the peoples of India he would trans-

MOST of us crave beauty, and few of us know how to attain our craving. We don't know how to go about it. We are at a loss. Such being the case, the

specialized cases, but here, everywhere, I notice the women active where I had thought only men could be. And you do it so efficiently, too. So definitely and as a matter of course. It is wonderful."

I said, "I suppose in India women would—well, they just *wouldn't* do this, now would they?"

He said, "You have a wrong idea of the women of my country." I wish I might transmit to you the slow and rhythmic cadences of our tongue as spoken by Mr. Das Gupta. To talk with him, be the talk ever so impromptu, savors of ceremonial. "The women of my country," he was saying, "are far more advanced than you believe them to be. In all cases they are the dominant spirits, the rulers of the men of their households. They hold the purse strings, they make or break the social engagements. They are the leaders."

"But clubs," I said. . . .
"Men and women meet in my country," he said, "only to discuss the arts. A club such as this one of yours would be not unlikely, but it would have for its object, its purpose, the discussion of poetry, music or drama. In my country we have not yet learned to foregather in order to discuss sociological or political problems. That is the reason we are not more advanced in the worldly wise.

(Continued on page 73)

The Middleman of Beauty

By Gladys Hall

mit to us that there may begin to grow between the East and the West the subtly fine fabrication of understanding than which no conception of beauty can be more wise, more true.

I met Mr. Das Gupta at the Woman Pays Club, where he had done us the honor of being guest of honor.

After the luncheon I talked with him. I asked him what he thought of us. I had thought, watching him there, how strange it must be for a man coming from a land of veiled women and shy and cloistral ways to sit in a gathering of highly sufficient young, and semi-young women, talking aptly or otherwise, but *talking*, at any rate, of their highly individualized, economic independence. How alien he must have felt!

But he said otherwise.

He said, "I was thinking that in no other country in the world are the women so progressive as they are in your country. In other countries there are special-



Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

ANASTASIA REILLY

*Anastasia is One of the Beauties of
"Hitchy-Koo 1920"*



The Great Career

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

which passes on some small portion of romance to those in the dark before us. In almost every town where we played while on tour there were some in the audience who were interested enough to want me to have tea or perhaps

luncheon with them. It was not really me they wanted you know," she explained coiling her brown hair about her head. "it was the sheer romance which the Mary or the Margaret of the play gave to them. Several times it was a boy who wanted me to lunch with him and that is proof, for everyone knows how very married I am."

All photographs by
Edward Thayer Monroe

(Continued on page 71)

WITH a few soft words and a smile, Madge Kennedy stands forth as a great persuasion for a career for every woman in whom there lives a creative spirit.

It was at the Astor Theater where she is returning to the stage in "Cornered" after a three years' absence without leave in the films that I talked with her. It was, all of it, essentially the theater—beyond the drop the orchestra chairs were fast filling with the matinée audience; tardy players hastened thru the stage-door to their dressing-rooms and the ever-efficient call boy shouted the first warning.

Enveloped in a huge Mary Jane apron commissioned from the home kitchen, Madge Kennedy was applying the make-up and talking of her play.

"We do not, any of us," she said, "think that in 'Cornered' we have found the great American drama. But we do think that we have found an entertaining play





Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

MURIEL STRYKER

*One of the Prettiest Members of the
Fanchon-Marco Satires of 1921*



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

COLLEEN MOORE

The popular cinema player who will next be seen with John Barrymore in Marshall Neilan's production of "The Lotus Eater"



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

EVA LE GALLIENNE

Whose sensitive performance in the Theatre Guild's production of the Franz Molnar drama, "Liliom," has been highly praised



Photographs by Strauss-Peyton Studios

Men of Mimic Merit



At the upper left is Robert B. Mantell, who has clung to a classic repertoire thru many vicissitudes. Mr. Mantell has won a distinct place for himself. At the upper right is David Warfield, who will always be remembered as the beloved "Music Master." Mr. Warfield is to do Skylock, at least so it is rumored again. At the left is Guy Bates Post, an always interesting star



ANNETTE BADE

*A new study of the Ziegfeld Midnight
Frolic favorite by Edward Thayer Monroe*



MURIEL DE
FOREST

*A new camera study
of the musical comedy
favorite by Alfred
Cheney Johnston*

James Matthew Barrie

By Frank Harris

[This is the second of Frank Harris' new series of contemporary portraits. The first, dealing with George Bernard Shaw, appeared last month. The third, concerning George Moore, will be published in the August SHADOWLAND.]

IT'S better to be born lucky than rich, says the proverb, and the truth of it has seldom been more happily exemplified than by the life of Sir James Matthew Barrie.

He was born some sixty years ago in Kirriemuir, a little half-town, half-village in Scotland. His mother, Margaret Ogilvie, was an extraordinary woman. Alexander Whyte, the great preacher who was also born in Kirriemuir and died there recently, says that Margaret was "a humble, tender, gracious, prayerful soul"—a sweet woman by all accounts.

Little Jim Barrie went to the village school in Kirriemuir and worked hard, but not very successfully: quiet, subdued, docile he seemed to be, weak and of uncertain health.

When he went to Edinburgh to study, unlike most of the students, he attended the services in St. George's church regularly.

One day Jim went to Dr. Whyte, the minister, and asked him for a certificate because he was going to try for the post of sub-editor on *The Nottingham Daily Journal*. Dr. Whyte said he did not know Barrie's qualifications and therefore it would be hard to give him a certificate as sub-editor, but he would write to the newspaper proprietor about him. Being some years older than Barrie, he wrote of him thus:

"I do not know that he has had much experience as a sub-editor, but if I wanted a sub-editor I would trust this young man with the work."

Barrie got the place. It was three pounds a week and for that the young man from Kirriemuir contracted to supply twelve columns of literary matter a week, five or six leaders, a column of gossip and book reviews, carefully measured with a tape to make up

the tale. It figures out at about a dollar a column of one thousand words, which does not seem dear; it is somewhat less than half the pay of a hand-worker in the United States; nor does it sound the best training for literary style; yet Barrie, we are told, was fastidious and whenever he was "tempted" to use a quotation even he turned it up in Bartlett and, if it were among the better-known ones, he cut it out.

Barrie worked for *The Nottingham Daily Journal* for over two years and at the end of that time he modestly suggested an increase of salary. William Bradshaw, the proprietor of the paper, was amazed at the young Scot's imprudence. He told him that he could go and that he would find it difficult to get another place where his piffle was so well-paid.

Rather discomfited, Barrie again appealed to Dr. Whyte, his Kirriemuir patron in high position at Edinburgh, and Dr. Whyte gave him an introduction to Mr. Stead, then running *The Pall Mall Gazette* in London. Stead and Alfred (now Lord) Milner, his assistant at the time, thought Barrie's style too literary and the man himself too effaced and subdued to have anything of genius in him, so Barrie was told that his work did not suit, but he should try Mr. Greenwood of *The St. James' Gazette*, who was known to love literature for its own sake.

A few days afterwards Barrie tried his hand on a little story of two thousand words about a woman shop-keeper

in Kirriemuir and, having finished it, lighted his pipe, went out for a stroll and dropped the story into the letter-box of *The St. James' Gazette*. The next day Greenwood sent for him and Barrie writes truthfully enough, "I have never wanted a guinea since."

William Bradshaw of *The Nottingham Journal* always used to say that Barrie's success in London was the greatest surprise he had ever had in his life.

I well remember Greenwood asking me to dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel in London to meet Coventry Patmore and Barrie couldn't come. As (Cont. on page 74)



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Who recently revived her beloved "Peg o' My Heart" on Broadway



The Red Flag in the Russian Ballet

Russians were the first accepted because the lyric savagery of the Cossack satisfied our Spartan concept of masculinity. Mordkin overcame our prejudices whereas Nijinsky, of greater technique, was not so successful.

Yet between the virility of Russian and American, of steppe and prairie, there is a striking contrast, exemplified by Volinine and Stowitts in the current Ballet Russe.

The surging vitality, the swift dartings, the lean Indian agility—these are Stowitts. There is nothing about him of the perfumed breath infiltrating the Ballet Russe from the Romanoff

Hubert Stowitts is an American, despite the success he has achieved with the Pavlova Ballet Russe, with which organization he has shared honors with Volinine. At the left is a recent portrait study of Stowitts and, below, is one of his costume designs for "La Peri"

Photograph (left) by Ortiz, Mexico

Photograph (below) by Frans Van Riel, Buenos Aires

"I WAS afraid to admit in New York that I am an American. Perhaps I am making a mistake in doing so now. But I have been so astonished by the change that has come over America in the five years I've been away that I'm game to take the chance. I am an American."

This admission was not made by Hubert Stowitts of Anna Pavlova's Ballet Russe until he reached California, the state of his nativity, where his parents still reside. During the triumphant sweep across the continent he had saved his secret, tho gaining courage for its revelation by the acclaim, critical and popular, which volleyed as intensely for him as for Pavlova and Volinine. Now the truth is out, one wonders that it could have been withheld. He is an incarnation of the American spirit, the exemplar of the democratic notion—that fantasia painted in scarlet and gold as seen by W. L. George.

While no one actually formed a conclusion as to his nationality, because an American triumphant in a Russian ballet seemed too preposterous for the mind to suggest, still I believe the American spirit caught us unawares and made considerably for young Stowitts' success. We long considered the dance an effete art. Particularly intolerant were we towards its male protagonists. The



By
Herbert Howe

court. He is the clean rush of mind that precedes the dawn, the first clangor of life on the prairies.

With the knowledge of his Americanism one gains a greater exaltation as he bounds among the Russians. He is the symbol of America rushing in among the older, better trained civilizations, crashing to victory by the brilliant audacity of his impetus.

I entered his dressing-room, which he calls "training quarters," after seeing him on the Los Angeles stage. He was rubbing the brown from his muscles. Out in the auditorium the applause still lingered for the Syrian dance which he dominated and for which he designed the costumes.

"God, it's wonderful," he exclaimed to my trite query on the sensation of being back. He felt the intoxication of success, but it was



Photograph (top) by Francis Bruguière
Photograph (left) by F. A. Savaine, London



Stowitts was a two-miler at the University of California. Or, as he himself tells it, "a promising student of economics, working his way thru school by waiting on table now and then." It was while he was at college that Pavlova noted his work in staging an extravaganza. Two interesting studies of Stowitts are on this page. At the left is Stowitts in his Brigand's Dance

not heady. He received it with the frank smile of the athletic champion.

"I was a two-miler at the University of California," was his observation, then added with a smile—"and a promising student of economics, working his way thru school by waiting on table now and then. I staged an extravaganza there. Anna Pavlova saw it. She

complimented me upon my dancing and stage settings. That was all. Two weeks later I had a wire from her in Chicago, asking me to join her for a world tour. I accepted, of course—thought it would be a great lark. Everybody took it as a joke, except"—he interpolated a wry grimace—"my family, and they were furious."

Our conversation was interrupted by a young brother beating on the door and wanting to know if Hubert would be right home. Dad was waiting for him. Yes, Hubert would.

"What was I saying? Oh, yes, I accepted. That was five years ago. Since then we've been touring South (Continued on page 68)

Arthur Schnitzler: Master of Moods

By Pierre Loving

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, Viennese dramatist and author of "The Affairs of Anatol" which is now in the process of being filmed, is beyond doubt, I think, the finest psychologist writing in the theater today. This may not be saying much, as has been pointed out, in view of what is called his narrow range, his limited choice of subjects, his absorption with the emotion of love. True, he is generally known as the cynical dissector of the passion that unites or sunders men and women; but Schnitzler would probably urge that to a very large extent life centers in the love-impulse and much of everything else we do, or fail to do, in everyday existence is determined by just that. Then again, the admirers of Schnitzler's work, those who really comprehend his importance, will tell you that the latter is only one side or phase of his art.

On this side of the Atlantic, especially, we have come to look upon Schnitzler as a virtuoso of the amourette. We say, do we not, that in the field of light-o'-love he reigns supreme. In Europe, it appears, they put a different value on these things. Schnitzler's plays are there ranked on a par with those of his world-famous German colleagues, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Wedekind. He is, to begin with, acknowledged widely to be a master of subtle moods and emotions—not only the emotion of love—and his delicacy and skill in handling these is conceded to be well-nigh perfect. New York playgoers remember with pleasure the production of "The Affairs of Anatol" with John Barrymore in the title rôle. On the basis of this one example of his work, Schnitzler was vaguely judged to be sophisticated and gifted with a penetrating wit—and so he is, but the Austrian dramatist is also something more. It is not generally known, for instance, that "The Affairs of Anatol" is one of Schnitzler's earliest plays—the first, in fact, to reach stage production. Since then he has surpassed the minor art of dramatic pasticcio, exquisite and engaging tho it is, wholly engaging and delightful as we find it in "The Affairs of Anatol." Today he paints on a larger and more significant canvas.

The creator of Anatol, whom we are to see on the silverscreen very shortly, was born in Vienna in 1862. His father, Johann Schnitzler, was a well-known laryngologist. The

younger Schnitzler also studied medicine at the University of Vienna and shortly after his graduation was attached to the Clinical Hospital, the largest of its kind in that city. Meanwhile he contributed intermittently to one of his father's medical reviews. His purely literary activities were confined at the time to writing poems, stories and sketches which appeared in various German literary periodicals. At the moment he appears to have applied himself more or less whole-heartedly to investigating psychic phenomena. We recall William James's preoccupation with spiritualism; the fact in itself has no special significance except to point several analogies between the career of the American pragmatist and the Austrian dramatist and thinker. Yes, thinker! We must not forget that, next to being an artist of finish and power, Schnitzler is preponderantly a thinker. He published an article about this time, on the treatment of certain diseases by means of hypnotism and suggestion. And this brings back to the mind the delicious hypnotic scene in "The Affairs of Anatol."

"The Affairs of Anatol," as I have said, was the first play of the Austrian dramatist to achieve a stage production. The date is 1892. Schnitzler was thirty years old then. The play captured Vienna like a storm. The rest of the world echoed the applause of his native city. Since then Schnitzler has written and produced over twenty-five plays, several novels and a host of short stories. "Professor Bernhardt," treating unsparingly of certain religious questions particularly rife in pre-war Vienna, created something of a storm of protest and aroused the vigilant censor in 1912. And only the other day the news despatches from Berlin and Vienna hummed afresh of the suppression of "Reigen," another early work. Schnitzler at bottom is an implacable "analyst of illusion" and his work always offers a more or less free preserve for short-sighted meddling on the part of a stupid official censorship. At present Schnitzler (the last letter I have had from him is now several months old) is engaged in giving his professional services to the stricken city of Vienna. He is caring for the sick free of charge under nerve-racking conditions, such as the lack of adequate medical supplies and in-

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JOSEPH SHILDKRAUT

Who plays the swaggering bully-hero of Franz Molnar's drama, "Liliom"

What Censorship Really Means

By Harold Stearns

Civilization ascends again towards the North, enters into the mist, into the cold, into the mud. What a night! a people clothed in black walk thru our infected streets.—PIERRE LOUVY.

IN one of his lighter satirical moods, Anatole France once observed that civilization had done two things for women—given them religion, which made them a sin, and clothes, which made them a mystery. I used to be amused at the justness of the observation during a short stay at Ostend, the Belgian watering-place, in the summer of 1914 a week or two before the war. For in my hotel were three grim-visaged gentlewomen of uncertain years, looking for all the world like three school teachers from Gopher Prairie on their first European trip, and it was enlightening to watch their progressive habituation to the extremely scanty one-piece bathing suits which were then in Ostend, as they are today in Deauville, practically *de rigueur*.

It was the eminently sensible custom for everyone to come down to breakfast—if one intended to go into the water early—in one's bathing costume; the first morning of these three ladies' visit they were rendered almost speechless by the spectacle of a comely eighteen or nineteen-year-old September Morn at the table next to them. Her costume was cut low—excessively low—on top and ended approximately at the waist, so that seated she exhibited under the table to all who cared to look shapely bare legs. I really do not believe the three visitors ate more than a third of their breakfast, so shocked were they at this spectacle of a degenerate age. However, worse was to come. Out on the beach in the uncompromising sunlight were other costumes that made the one worn by the girl at the hotel seem priggish; for instance, the one of a pretty brunette consisting of a meager one-piece white bathing suit which, after its wearer had gone into the water, had the engaging habit of becoming completely transparent. The morning walk along the sands must have been, for these three ladies from across the sea, a succession of gasps. Yet I noticed that the very next day the ladies managed to consume all of their breakfast without paying overmuch attention to the Venuses about them. By the end of four days they were actually wearing one-piece bathing suits themselves, altho they had not yet reached the point of coming down to breakfast in them. But I have little doubt they would have progressed that far. Certainly by the end of a week they were paying no attention at all to bathing costumes, and were neither disturbed nor shocked by them.

There is a moral in this little episode—a moral, I fear, which will be totally missed by the so-called reformers who announce that they stand ready—and willing—to free America from the devil and all his works. The moral, of

[No doubt you read Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts' article on "Morals and America" in the May SHADOWLAND. Harold Stearns, who is one of America's foremost young thinkers and writers, has presented the other side of the argument.]

are neither decent nor obscene in themselves—these are qualities we attribute to them, subjective standards in a word. And subjective standards must of necessity be variable; what shocks one nation will not shock another; what one person will honestly regard as perfectly proper another will regard, equally honestly, as indecent. The vagaries of the censor in those states where he has worked are already a by-word; on certain features of a motion picture there will be almost as many opinions as people who see it. Nudity in particular is neither indecent nor obscene in itself—it depends upon the circumstances, the setting, the occasion. And, in general, as a matter of public policy, young girls and boys would be better off and healthier minded, if they saw many artistic nudes and saw them often, whether in moving-pictures or art or life—they would gain a decent respect for the beauty of the human body instead of acquiring the diseased notion that the body is a necessary vehicle of sin. Young people should learn to be proud of a fine and beautiful body, instead of ashamed of it and anxious to cover it up. Forbidden fruit is proverbially the sweetest, and there is no surer way of perverting the normal and healthy instinct of adolescence for finding beauty than to put a tight taboo on nudity, to make it covert, secret, and surreptitious. No more certain method could be devised for turning a fine impulse into a dirty one, for stimulating the very thing one ostensibly sets out to cure.

Yet why should the above propositions, which would be readily agreed to by any civilized man or woman, never for a moment be acquiesced in by reformers? Why have they this morbid anxiety about indecency? Most of us know that if we go thru life attending to our own affairs, and not looking for the obscene and indecent, we are not likely to find it, no matter what we see or hear. But reformers discover it in the most unexpected places—in the lip-stick and powder puff, if you please.

The poor little shop-girl, with no interesting personality and less brains, but equally with the superior young girl, wants to be loved and admired; she daubs her lips and rouges her cheeks. It is the only way she knows of expressing herself, of making herself attractive and sought after. Her action is innocent and rather pathetic, certainly not immoral. She is merely not very intelligent. But to reformers she is already on the road to hell. What is the explanation of this neurasthenic fear?

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SAYS HAROLD STEARNS:

"True reform, it may truthfully be said, will come thru the disappearance of reformers. Our American life will be better adjusted to reality only thru the slow development of education, the breaking of taboos, the encouragement of the strong rather than the futile attempt to protect the weak, the improvement in taste, the increasing possibilities for all of us to achieve a satisfactory love and emotional life. It will come thru no paucity, no statute, no short cut to a bigot's view of what constitutes morals. It will not come at once, but it must come sooner or later if we are ever to merit the appellation of a civilized nation."



The Adorable Gishs

Special Photographs for
SHADOWLAND by
Kennett Alexander

*Mr. Alexander has caught the
fragile and wistful personality
of Lillian and the tomboyish
and rollicking self of Dorothy
with a fine camera insight*





Here is the real Lillian Gish, who is next to play the elder sister in David Wark Griffith's forthcoming production of the old French melodrama, "The Two Orphans." Dorothy, by the way, will play the other sister

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

The Elixir of Youth

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

GENTLE reader, imagine a very beautiful morning in early May—the air is mild and yet bracing, the sky is blue, set off by white, fleecy clouds, and the winds are perfumed with scent of young leaves, lush grass and fragrant flowers. And then imagine Paris and the Boulevard Saint Michel! Paris at her very best, radiant like a charming woman who is once more united with her immortal lover—the Spring; and the Boulevard Saint Michel as Bohemian and as picturesque as you like. And thirdly and lastly imagine Tritou. Let me at once tell you all about Tritou, so that you may draw your picture correctly. Tritou is shabby, middle-aged and a poet. An unsuccessful poet, of course. He makes verses which nobody prints, writes the most fantastic stories which nobody publishes, and composes tragedies and comedies which are never acted. He saunters along the Boulevard with a very jaunty air but without a sou in his pocket. Suddenly, on this glorious, wonderful, exhilarating day, he meets a fairy, a very delightful little fairy, who is a particular friend of his.

I see, gentle reader, you frown. "What is this?" you say, "a fairy in clear daylight on the Boulevard Saint Michel? Never! Fairies one meets in Arcadia, under the perennial light of a silvery moon, or perhaps in the forest of Arden where Rosalind's mocking laughter trills melodiously thru the enchanted air, or on Prospero's Island where the night is full of noises. But in the realistic setting which you commanded me to imagine fairies are out of place. Make it a gri-sette." Sorry, but I can't oblige you. It must be a fairy, and it was one, and the whole occurrence is not at all surprising. For, gentle as you may be, you are after all but a reader, while Tritou was a poet. An unsuccessful poet, to be sure, yet a poet nevertheless, and a poet does meet fairies even in daylight and even on the Boul' Saint Mich'.

There, then, Tritou and his fairy meet. The fairy is very pleased to see him, and she exclaims in her most caressing voice: "*Hein, voilà Tritou! Comme c'est gentil de te voir!*" How are you, dear friend? How pale you look!" Tritou kisses very beautifully the hand of the fairy (he has the

unique tenderness of those who have much suffered), and smiles: "I am well, thank you," he says, "only, you know, as usual, not a sou!" "*Pauvre Tritou,*" the fairy sighs, "*pauvre Tritou,* the public has no taste," and then following a sudden inspiration: "*Dis-donc, Tritou,* have you had luncheon?" Tritou sadly shakes his head. "*Charmante amie,*" he declares, "the time for my luncheon has not yet arrived. I have first to provide for last night's supper, then for this morning's breakfast, and then I'll begin to consider luncheon. I like to do things in their proper order!" It sounds like a jest, but the little fairy knows better. "Come, Tritou," she says, "forget supper and breakfast and have lunch with me. I have somewhere a five-franc piece which wants to see the world."

Thus the two go to a *brasserie* where they have a delightful luncheon. If you ever had luncheon with a fairy, gentle reader, you would know that in such company *café au lait* tastes like nectar and *petits pains* like ambrosia. At least this is what Tritou declares, and the fairy smiles. But soon she puckers her nice forehead and begins to worry about Tritou's future.

"I wish I could help you, *pauvre Tritou,*" she says, "but unfortunately we fairies are none too prosperous nowadays. You see, the thing is, we can only give you

mortals such gifts as you really believe in, because it is the faith you have in us that creates our power. And people have lost this faith. Who believes nowadays in the Magic Table, or the Invisible Cloak, or the Flying Carpet? Even poets are deplorably realistic, and if I were to offer you Fortunato's Purse, *cher Tritou,* you would gratefully kiss my hand but without that wonderful certainty which alone makes the miracle possible. So you see, there is really little I can do for you. But listen, I just remember, I have here a bottle of a very wonderful elixir, the Elixir of Youth, and this I can give you, because people still believe in it. It tastes delicious, just like *sirup de groseille*, and if one drinks but one single drop one becomes again wonderfully, splendidly, unbelievably young. One drop—and the sky appears enchantingly blue, the sun marvelously golden, and the most

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Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

INA CLAIRE

who recently left the cast of "The Gold Diggers" to tour Europe

The American Beauty Type of 1922

An Interview with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

By William de Wagstaffe

BEHIND a magnificent desk, sunk deep in a magnificent chair, puffing energetically at a magnificent statuesque cigar, sits Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. The room is luxurious, large, handsomely furnished. A small grand piano of the Louis quinze period gives the place an air of refinement, a Fifth Avenue art tone. Ziegfeld has been described before; he is a slim,

tall, dark man, hair slightly splashed with grey. He might pass for an actor, a man-about-town, an indescribable product of wine, woman and song. Actually, he is the Professor Einstein of the science of beauty; he has discovered the secret of relativity of clothes to women, and women to clothes.

"Ballet, I don't think people want it," he says to his stage manager, who is listening respectfully. "I once put Genee over in a hunting ballet, but she had horses and dogs in the scene, and she went all right in that show. But not so good afterwards. We'll see. I think I'll let the ballet go thru. I'd rather pay \$1500 for a laugh, than for high-brow dancing."

Showmanship was uppermost for the moment, but there had been something else in the creative period of Ziegfeld's youth, when he conceived the "Follies" show. Then he saw that stage beauty was an impersonal science, that it could be stretched out to within a fraction of perfection. He has tried to establish a standard of beauty, and it has spread in the large cities of the country as such.

What, then, were the results of his researches?

"There's only one thing I want to tell the modern girl, who is pretty, stop kalsomining so much," he said. "It destroys the face, makes a colorless mask of beauty."

"Are the girls just as pretty as they were?" I asked.

"Prettier, if anything, without the charm, however, that they used to have. So many girls lack beauty-intelligence, a study that is stupidly applied by beauty parlors. I judge that the emancipation period of women, which is upon us, has loosened the discipline of manners a little. Girls are more careless about their language and their clothes than they used to be.

"Of course, the wise man can still apply the old rules of wisdom to any pretty girl today. They have been necessary habits of my mind. For instance, all young girls try to look their prettiest, which makes one cautious. The principal feminine characteristic of deception still prevails. Many naturally pretty women fail to recognize their best points of beauty. The Sozodont smile is not always so alluring as it is rumored. A girl who doesn't smile may have exceptional opportunities to be beautiful. Then beware of the girl who persists in showing her profile, better take a look at her full in the face before you decide about her. These are suggestions for the unwary.

"Now as to the qualities that I look for chiefly in the beauty types I select: the most attractive type of modern girl must be tall and slender. That is the 1922 figure model. The miniature girl, the petite type who is perfectly formed, is always a winner. She is hard to find, however. I don't know what has become of her. Slim

SAYS FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.:

"The popular 1922 girl will be tall and slender. 'Slim ankles are imperative' . . . they usually indicate breeding.

"A defiant reserve is a natural trait . . . of the ideal sort of American beauty.

"American girls are prettier than ever, without the charm, however, that they used to have. So many girls lack beauty-intelligence . . . girls are more careless about their language and their clothes than they used to be."

ankles are imperative, and they usually indicate breeding. The element of refinement in the modern beauty type is my essential. She must have education, which helps to awaken her mind, for beauty is not body or mind apart, they must be in happy harmony of loveliness. Stage ability is not a matter of limbs and clothes only.

"Where do I find such girls?

In the office buildings, in the

shops, where I am astonished only at the unbecoming way in which the beauties dress their hair. Wall Street at the lunch hour is filled with beautiful types of women. The supreme age of beauty varies, but almost any attractive American girl from seventeen to twenty-one or -two can be trained to be a beauty type. If she only knows what to do for herself, and what not to do. Subtract her bad points, her lack of beauty-intelligence, her obvious effort to imitate 'smart women,' her atrocious habit of kalsomining her face—and the remaining total is youth, high spirits, and a mind that would inspire by a proper environment. This is the average American girl—not the college bred, nor the rich, nor the morally twisted type—just the sort of girl you find in the office after a high-school education, and a business-college course.

"There is, in most pretty American girls, a trace of some far-off lineage that gives them that superior air, that defiant reserve which is a natural trait. To illustrate what I mean, the ideal sort of American beauty, the most impressive, the woman whom I should choose as the highest type of patrician poise, charm, intelligence and grace is Mrs. Lydig Hoyt. She is my idea for the 1922 girl.

"On the other hand, not all office girls are beauty types. I know two sisters, business girls. One is earning \$75.00 a week in an office, the other \$30.00 a week. The high-salaried girl I didn't want, the other girl had real beauty. So I engaged the two to get one. In a year the \$30.00-a-week stenographer had become a raving beauty. We have trained all her points to count. She knows their value, she understands clothes, she has learned to dance, which has made her more graceful. This fusion of all her beauty talents, under proper direction, has created a splendid resemblance in this girl to a woman in society.

"After looking at thousands of girls who have passed on parade in front of me, I rarely fail to discern the possible beauty from the impossible. On the stage there are many requirements that seem unnecessary to the general idea of what a pretty woman should look like, but, the fact is the girl with beautiful limbs, slim ankles, slender figure, lovely features, makes all she can of them, anywhere. The reason I ask the girl applicants to wear practice clothes is so that the imperfections may be emphasized. Even an expert can be deceived by the slight inflection of clothes. It does happen that a girl walks into my office and is engaged on the spot. I can usually tell after a short conversation whether, in addition to the obvious graces of figure, she has agility of mind, that is to say, an artistic sympathy for the theater plus a refine-

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Photograph by Nickolas Muray

MURIEL STUART

Dancing with the Anna Pavlova Ballet and a protégée of Mme. Pavlova

Baudelaire: Ironic Dante

By Benjamin de Casseres

THERE are hells that are fictions and hells that are real. There is the *Divine Comedy* of Dante and *Les Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire.

Dante visited hell. Baudelaire was born in hell. Dante's hell was in hell. Baudelaire's hell was in Baudelaire. Dante brought to hell an orison. Baudelaire brought to hell another hell. In hell Dante was an outsider, a spectator, a sightseer. Baudelaire was native to the place. He was a Prometheus who celebrated the vultures that plucked at his spiritual entrails.

Dante was piloted by Vergil. Baudelaire had Orestes for guide. Dante's hell was built at Rome. Baudelaire's hell was built in Paris. When Dante descended into hell he had the air of fitting on a diver's suit. Baudelaire goes there stark. Dante wore a crown of ice—and it did not melt. He was a Dante who has achieved irony.

Dante's hell was literary and theological. Baudelaire's hell was actual and psychological. *The Divine Comedy* is a narrative. *Les Fleurs du Mal* is a transcription. One is mathematical, has circles and stations and resting places; it expounds sin with algebraical precision. The other is woven of mystery, is as indefinite, as chaotic, as unsymmetrical as the heart of man.

Both Dante and Baudelaire were Catholics. Dante was a Catholic who found his redemption in God. Baudelaire was a Catholic who found his redemption in Irony. Dante emerged from the gloom of hell into the fulgurant lights of Paradise. Baudelaire emerged from the fulgurant lights of hell to yawn in the sacerdotal gloom of Paradise.

He loved Beauty as one loves a mistress. But it was a sadic love. On the sovereign front of his divine Image there stood great goutts of blood. He fattened his asps on the breasts of Aphrodite. He was High Priest at the marriage of Caliban and Venus.

The celestial and the satanic are one. Beauty is Nature's supreme Irony. It is the jeweled casket in which are contained all poisons. It is the sanctum sanctorum of Satan. The mind that pursues the idea of Beauty and seeks to enclose its hallucinations in matter will end by building a tower of skulls. Rape Helen and breed

worms. Peep over the ineluctable barriers and you shall batten on the obscene. Drain to the lees the Holy Grail of Life and you shall anoint the edges of your imagination with venom.

Perverse Beauty! A sacred blasphemy. And that is the secret of Baudelaire. He was, like Heine, the hangman of his own dreams. Irony and Beauty were twin-born to him. Nothing he created was complete until he had spat upon it.

Each thing lives by its opposite. To know God is to know Satan. To know Good is to know Evil. To know the Beautiful is to know the Ugly. To love much is to hate much. Mysticism has for companion Obscenity. Every St. Anthony has for a companion a pig.

Baudelaire had been in the æsthetic and emotional spheres where Hegel had been in the intellectual sphere. Both had followed the straight line into the Infinite. Both apprehended the unity of opposites. They were the two Peeping Toms of Europe. They watched the phantom world of seeming undress. Both had been in the sacred penetralia where the Eternal Fabricator weaves its meshes.

And both came back to the world with something of their sanity gone, but with a mighty torch socketed in their souls.

The perversity in the nature of Baudelaire was the manifestation of his vengeance of his thwarted instincts. His Devil was real. His God was a fiction. But he dared not or could not live fully as the devil's darling child. His tragedy lay as much in the fact that his instinct-to-evil was being as constantly thwarted as was his instinct-to-good. He was both Ormuzd and Ahriman.

"You shall be everlastingly doomed to do the thing you do not wish to do," prophesied the Imp of the Perverse in his nature. "There shall always be gall in your honey. You believe you are doing one thing; in reality you are doing another. Evoke Astarte and you shall behold Medusa limned as her shadow. Fly Icarus toward your purple heavens! I am building your grave in the slime of a tarn! Your Gothic dreams shall be the roosting place of bats and obscene night-birds. Your Madonna shall be a (Continued on page 72)



ELIZABETH HINES

Who plays the name part in the new George M. Cohan opus, "The O'Brien Girl"

In the Musical Comedy Factories

By Louis Raymond Reid

Decoration by Ethel Plummer

A FAVORITE form of indoor sport in America is to go thru a manufacturing plant and witness the intricate achievements of machinery—achievements that spell flivvers and tires, cereals and patent medicines, clocks and clothing. Scarcely a town exists that does not boast an industry intriguing to the mind of the wayfarer. A continuous exposition might be said to be in progress in the United States. Perhaps, it is a subtle phase of propaganda, designed to inspire and stimulate those who have not yet reached the degree of capitalism necessary for manufacturing purposes. Perhaps—and more likely—it is merely the national characteristic of curiosity that is being nourished.

Barnum, more than any one else, is responsible for the curiosity complex. And where Barnum began, others have carried on—Henry Ford, C. W. Post, Charles M. Schwab, Billy Sunday, Sankey and Moody, F. W. Woolworth. Today the nation can be divided between those who produce and those who go to see what is produced.

What a monotonous affair a second visit to any factory must be! To watch corn flakes pour thru a tube or a Ford assembled is all well enough for ten minutes. Fancy a return trip to the cereal factory or to Henry's machine shops!

However, there is one field of enterprise in America that in the making never provokes monotony, that can be seen over and over again, weeks on end if necessary, that proves as novel and refreshing upon the last visit as upon the first. I refer to the manufacturing of musical comedies.

This industry is confined to New York, but how many visitors to New York have ever seen a musical comedy in the process of production? Practically none. For it is an industry secretively guarded. The public eye must not be admitted until the finished product is set before it.

And then? Then it is a case of the public be pleased—or damned, if it fails to respond to the merits (sic) of the production.

To watch a performance of a musical comedy is ordinarily an agreeable occupation. It frequently occurs to a spectator that there is a remarkable smoothness and cohesiveness in the presentation. But it is doubtful if he often gives a thought to the time and energy consumed in attaining this smoothness.

The Century Theater was recently the manufacturing plant of three musical plays—"The Last Waltz," "Phoebe of Quality Street" and a new edition of "The Belle of New York." I watched the staging of all three at various intervals during a period of three weeks and, while I have never been thru Henry's mill in Detroit, I will venture that he

has nothing to offer that can approach in variety, in the zest of human personality, in unusualness, what was provided in the production of any one of the three.

"The Last Waltz," the new Oscar Straus operetta which the Shuberts are presenting, was five weeks in rehearsal. During those weeks two stage directors, one musical director, one dancing director, two librettists, three pianists, one scenic artist, one stage manager and one assistant stage manager were in charge of the various activities of production. Rehearsals were held in what was formerly a gymnasium of the theater. "Phoebe" occupied a room once given over to a library, while "The Belle of New York" was being staged in the theater on the roof.

The principals, including Eleanor Painter, James Barton, Dallas Welford, Harrison Brockbank, Eleanor Griffith, Walter Woolf, Harry Fender and others, rehearsed in the daytime on the main stage of the Century, separately from the chorus. They went over and over their parts, their cues, their "gags" and "business," under the eye of Frank Smithson. Sometimes what they did immediately struck the fancy of the director and no change was ordered. More often, however, Smithson would show the manner which he believed most suitable to the interpretation of the character. He called for countless repetition until the players were letter perfect in their parts. And the librettists, standing with him in front, held the manuscript and looked on helplessly but approvingly.

Upstairs the chorus was engaged in learning the lyrics of the operetta, seated in chairs around the piano which was played industriously and with no little amount of virtuosity by Milan Roder, general musical director. Later, Allan K. Foster took up the dancing direction and here the hard work began. Girls, dressed in rompers,

in tights, in stylish frocks, in little or nothing, danced and danced and danced until Foster's curt disapproval became something approaching faint praise.

Finally came the dress rehearsal, with its accompanying excitement and unique confusion. It began at midnight, following a performance of "In the Night Watch" and ended at 6 A. M. Particularly pretentious settings required considerable time for arrangement. The company was wearing costumes for the first time and, consequently, with a lack of ease. Lee and J. J. Shubert sat in judgment in the first row, a fact that did not add to the composure of the actors. A sixty-piece orchestra was in the pit, wrangling in a babel of tongues over certain phases of the score. J. C. Huffman was

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The Negro in the Theater

By Kenneth Macgowan

HIGH up among the six best pieces of acting of 1920-21—the best, perhaps, considering the difficulties of every sort involved—stands the work of a negro, Charles Gilpin. Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man," Claire Eames in "Mary Stuart," Ben-Ami in "Samson and Delilah," Laura Hope Crewes in "Mr. Pim Passes By," Frank Craven in "The First Year"—none of these experienced players accomplished a surer and more remarkable impersonation than Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones."

The difficulties that Gilpin faced were many. I don't know whether to put down lack of training as one of them. Heaven knows the white actor in America has few enough chances at parts that are really worth acting, parts that supply emotional material for the development of his art. If his manager is a lucky guesser, the actor settles down into playing a single shallow "type" part for months on end. If he is fortunate enough to drop into four or five failures in succession, then he may get a little more practice in the art of playing commonplace people whose only outstanding differences are their names.

The negro actor may get a chance at more parts, but they are even less productive than those of the white player. Gilpin has been in the show business intermittently for fifteen years and more. He began as a singer. He has appeared in vaudeville, musical comedy, opera, and stock. Every little while the uncertainties of the colored actor's employment have made it necessary for him to fall back on the ordinary and lowly jobs that are allotted to his race outside the playhouse. He has been a waiter and a day laborer. He has run elevators in New York, and during the war he was a Pullman porter.

For a second difficulty Gilpin fell heir to a very long and very extraordinary part. This Emperor, who was once a Pullman porter, even as Gilpin, passes thru five scenes of terror in the jungle. He sees visions of his past and of the past of his race; but not one of the fear-laden visions finds a voice. Thru them all, thru almost two hours of intense drama, the emperor is the only speaker. Except for its opening and closing scenes, "The Emperor Jones" is one long monolog. The difficulties of such a task are not merely physical. The actor must conquer our prejudices against soliloquy. He must achieve

illusion from the most difficult form of theatrical expression. And thru all this long period he must display a beauty of tone, a variety of emphasis and of tempo, that will destroy any chance of monotony. All this, quite apart from the quality of emotion that the play demands, the mixture of pungent realism with imaginative vision.

Subject races have produced artists before this. It is rather a habit with them, as the psychologists will tell you; for thru art a man may win a superiority that his physique or his position in society denies him. But I think there is no record of a race so deep in subjection as the negro, so cut off from opportunity, putting forth talent such as Gilpin's. Roscius, the great Roman actor, was a slave, but he was a Latin.

Yet in spite of the barriers to education and opportunity that the prejudices of the white race have set up, the negro has made a number of very interesting attempts at self-expression thru the theater. The most successful has been involuntary—the development of ragtime and jazz. Certainly if there is any American music it is the music of the negro. Some of it is negro-made as well as negro-inspired—the music that you hear when the Clef Club plays and sings its "spirituals." Most of it is the white man's parody of the Congo tom-toms; yet even in our rags you will find work by negro composers, and often the best work. The songs of Bob Cole and Rosamund Johnson, who wrote "Under the Bamboo Tree," retain a healthy

beauty that is not always to be found in the art of the Broadway jazz.

Almost a hundred years ago a negro attempted to do what Gilpin has done—and more. He was from Maryland, his name was Ira Aldridge, and he tried to win a place in the legitimate American theater. Being rebuffed, he sailed for England, and, presenting himself as a Senegalese, gained an opening. The opening was rather extraordinary. On April 10, 1833, he appeared on the London stage as Othello, playing opposite Ellen Tree. His success was great, and he continued to play Shakespeare both in Great Britain and on the Continent. Curiously enough, London is also to see Gilpin, for the Provincetown Players, producers of "The Emperor Jones," have received an offer from Gilbert Miller to bring the play and the company to England this summer.

The negro played no
(Continued on page 63)



Photograph by Mary Dale Clarke

CHARLES GILPIN
As the ex-porter king of "Emperor Jones"



In
Old
London

*Top, the famous Tower of
London, which has played
a vital part in British his-
tory. Right, St. Paul's
Courtyard*



Special
Photographs
for
SHADOWLAND
by
E. O. Hoppe



*The London Embankment has
been sung in lyric and prose.
Mr. Hoppe has caught it at twilight hour*



KITTY KELLY

*A new Portrait of the Stage Favorite
by Maurice Goldberg*

Main Street, the Farmer and Literature

Sinclair Lewis Is a Stern Critic of America

By Frederick James Smith

SOMETHING like a year ago a new voice was heard in America. It was the voice of everyday life as it is lived in each town and small city in our land. It was vivid and relentless and real. Its spokesman was Sinclair Lewis and his means of expression was the novel, "Main Street."

Mr. Lewis is as real as his story, red-headed, ruddy and—he says so himself—"gangling." He is the everyday type. His easy, unpretentious personality is disarming. Yet this everyday young man, by one stroke, placed himself among the leaders of American letters, not only because of his facility of writing but because that writing embodied thought and an unusual breadth of vision.

Lewis is a stern critic of America. Just as he held up so relentlessly our endless Main Streets, with their failures and their petty successes, their self-satisfaction and their achievements, he views our land—and expresses his views fearlessly. For one thing, he says we have a national literature right now—and do not know it.

"We in America have always felt ourselves provincial. This distrust of our own provincialism has shown in all our affairs. Two things manifestly betray it; first, our eagerness to accept all things European, and secondly, our more or less loudly expressed talk about ourselves and our pep and punch. Now only those who lack real confidence talk about themselves vaingloriously. Thus our talk of ourselves, consciously or subconsciously, has been an admission of our own inner lack of faith.

"There is another reason for this. Except for the red Indians, who probably hailed from the Orient, our ancestors are Englishmen and Continentals. It is natural for us to look up to our mother countries. Remember how men, no matter how great their achievements, look upon their mothers. Somehow the thought that one's mother is wiser always haunts one. It is so in our national affairs, altho the war has helped break down this barrier in a measure.

"This has led Americans to bow before foreign writers and to belittle our own authors. All this is rank injustice. We have a number of able and brilliant men and women of letters.



Photograph by Nickolas Muray
SINCLAIR LEWIS

stories in *The Saturday Evening Post*, James Branch Cabell's tales in *The Century*, Willa Cather's in *McClure's* or Booth Tarkington's in any of our magazines. Here have been writers who have proved that the young writer need not be the slave of the magazine machine. I mention *The Saturday Evening Post* because it is the one publication regularly censored, yet it has published more good fiction than any other periodical.

"But the menace of the routine magazine system remains. Again, there is the damaging tradition that the training school of the novelist is the newspaper office. This is, in a great many ways, an injurious and ruinous theory. If one is of a shy and sequestered temperament, out of tune with life, then the newspaper-theory is unadvisable in bringing one bang up against humanity. On the other hand, newspaper work creates haste in writing, with resultant slipslop methods, along with a need for the noise and excitement of the newspaper office. Thus, when the reporter turns to fiction writing, he finds himself lost. He lacks the zest of the city room and he finds that he has lost his style and carefulness in his years of hurrying thru his work. He has learned the easiest ways of expression rather than to seek out the word with the exact nuance of meaning. His work has put a premium on such phrases

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"Yet our writers have been held back by many barriers. Our formula way of doing things is the biggest obstacle. American magazines, for instance, travel in a worn groove, developed regularly on formula. The stories themselves move according to formula. Take the detective story; it has its regulation ingredients and development. So all along the line.

"Each magazine moves in a beaten path. It is, of course, easier to do things in a conventional way rather than in an unconventional way. Unless he is full of resistance, endowed with unusual vision and force, the editor seeks the path of least resistance. Today a periodical is read as a magazine, for its personality as a whole, rather than for its contents.

"True, there is much to be said on the side of the magazine. There have been brilliant instances of periodical fiction. Take Joseph Hergesheimer's



LUBOWSKA

Maurice Goldberg's newest Study of the Dancer

Beauty— and Facts

LAST month's contest story was mostly poetry and promise, but this one will be mostly facts. The first and most important is, that the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest closes at midnight on September 1. That is, any picture postmarked September 1, before midnight, will be accepted for the 1921 contest. Photographs postmarked later than September 1, midnight, will not be accepted in the 1921 Contest. This must be understood.

The Honor Rolls, however, will continue to be published in the three magazines up to the December issues, when the final winner, or winners, will be announced.

The contest winner is guaranteed a screen engagement and a
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Photograph by Dickinson



Top, Laura Land, a typical southern beauty, of Shreveport, La. Miss Land is twenty, with blue eyes and dark brown hair. Left, Dorothy Mackenzie, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She is a classic blonde with hazel eyes

Broadway flocked to see Doris Keane's revival of Edward Sheldon's "Romance." The drama of the love of a minister for the diva Cavallini, still holds its emotional appeal



Miss Keane has played Cavallini several thousand times but theatergoers still want her to go on in the piquant rôle



SHADOWLAND Goes to the Theater

Drawings by Ethel Plummer

Altho John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart" enjoyed but a brief New York run it proved an interesting dramatic contribution. Miss Plummer has here caught two vivid scenes of the historical play. Above, Lord Darnley confronts the unlucky Rizzio in Mary Stuart's Holyrood apartments and, below, a moment between Rizzio and the unhappy queen



Ethel Plummer

Eugene G. O'Neill, Dramatist and Man

By Lucie R. Sayler

DESPITE the insatiable appetite of the American public for personal details and intimate portraits of those workers who are emerging into prominence in art and literature, business and politics, an accomplishment of definite and arresting character is needed to arouse this curiosity to the point of creating a national reputation. "Beyond the Horizon" on last season's stage called the attention of our amusement-seeking audiences to the power of the young playwright, Eugene G. O'Neill, who dared to write a sincere and gripping tragedy of American life, with all the homely details of realism, and who achieved success with it in the larger world of the theater beyond the intimate circle of his former co-workers, the Provincetown Players, those lovers of innovation for its own sake. The climax of that accomplishment has followed closely this season in the migration from Macdougall Street to Broadway of his latest plays, "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent." The wide divergence of interest between the terrifying study of the subconscious imagination of the black emperor in the former, and the relentless, naturalistic tragedy of very drab and very human lives in the latter provokes the questions: Who is this man? What kind of life has he lived to give him so unusual a background and so wide a scope? What is his attitude toward life and the theater?

Adventurer in the theater and dramatist of life, O'Neill, on first acquaintance, suggests in his personal aspect Robert Mayo, the quiet dreamer of "Beyond the Horizon." He has the high forehead of a thinker and dark eyes that seem to be seeing farther than his immediate surroundings, yet twinkle pleasingly and relieve the expression of deep and at times tragic seriousness about his mouth. His tall but slender frame and quiet, reticent manner would not make one suspect the varied, roughening experiences and hardships of an adventurous career. Only his nervous intensity, shown by the movements of his long fingers, and his keen sensitiveness and responsiveness to impressions, betray the probability that he has felt or at least observed at first hand many of the tense and tragic situations that he has dramatized. Extremely



Photograph by Nickolas Murray

EUGENE O'NEILL

reserved, he can be induced to talk about himself only when he is drawn into a discussion of the theater and his work for it, especially of the plays which he plans to write in the future and to which he is now devoting his entire time.

It is natural that O'Neill should turn to the theater for expression of his creative genius, since his earliest impressions were received from its stage and among its stage-folk. He spent the first seven years of his childhood touring with his father, the late James O'Neill, noted player of the role of Monte Cristo. After that came the more conventional part of his education, at a Catholic school and later thru freshman year at Princeton. But his roving temperament asserted itself, and the next year found him in his native New York, acting as secretary to a firm on lower Broadway, and allowing his individuality to develop freely in company with the Socialist-Anarchist group in

which Benjamin Tucker and the artist George Bellows were then prominent. Next, a mining engineer of his acquaintance lured him to Spanish Honduras on a gold-prospecting trip, more productive of adventure than of the precious metal. And from there he returned to the theatrical world as assistant manager for Viola Allen, who was then touring the Middle West in "The White Sister".

It was at about this time that young O'Neill read Conrad's vivid story of the forecaster, "The Nigger of the Narcissus", and decided to satisfy his longing to go to sea. He shipped on a Norwegian bark which, after sixty-five days on the water, landed him in the thriving South American capital Buenos Aires, so often mentioned in his plays. There he remained about a year, working first in the drafting department of the Westinghouse Company, and later for Swift and for the Singer Company. After a voyage to Durban, South Africa, and back, he shipped again, this time on a British tramp steamer bound for New York. Perhaps it was the "Glencairn", or the counterpart of this ship which, with its rough and motley crew, is the subject of the four dramatic and realistic character sketches, "The Moon of

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My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler



especially favored this year for dresses as well as for blouses and hats—and there are some smart new jackets of this favored material worn over frocks of the same color and fabric.

Satin is liked, too, for summer wear, as it is soft, cool and easily kept in order. Navy and grey are the season's colors for these practical frocks. The newest wraps for practical wear, also for wear over the evening gown, are circular in cut and may be of twill, satin or silk.

Blouses of matching Georgette go well with the navy blue twill suit; with a tweed or homespun there is the semi-tailored crêpe de Chine or dimity. Sports skirts for hard wear are of plaid wool. Wash ones are of linen and chambray. There are new white flannel sports skirts, also knitted silk ones in Roman stripes that are almost too good to be true. With these there

should be sports waists with a contrasting slip-over or tuxedo sweater in soft pastel shades. And for evening and afternoon there is a variety of summery frocks in chiffons, organdies, dotted swiss and lace.

Left, Frock of rose taffeta with embellishments of silk lace and handmade taffeta roses. Posed by Gertrude Miller. From Bonwit Teller & Co. Below, Negligée of pink net and silver lace with pink velvet coat lined with silver. Posed by Agnes Ayers

Photograph (left) by Binger



MID-SUMMER is here—vacationing time. We dream of the pine-scented air; of cloud-tipped mountains; of wide valleys of woods and streams and wildflowers; of turquoise lakes and sandy beaches; of swimming and dressing-up at a smart summer hotel; of roughing it away from crowds and people, with time to ourselves and a bit of the trees and the sky. Vacations—and summers—differ. But the principal thing is getting away—in treading unfamiliar paths. Vacation may mean a summer in Maine, a week in Washington, or only an occasional week-end at seashore or country during the heated months of summer—but in any case we consider our clothes with perturbation and wonder just what we'll need.

For years, the suit or cloth dress has been the adopted costume for traveling. For trains and cities there is nothing smarter than the twills in navy blue; or maybe a tweed or homespun trimly tailored. Many women, however, like the dark silk dress. Crêpe de Chine is

SHADOWLAND

The woman who must spend the greater part of her time in town may at least find variety in change of costuming. Time was when she felt that she must wear about town dark-colored, durable frocks, such as crêpe de Chine and taffeta. There was a reason, too, as cotton frocks usually meant light colors—and light colors meant about one day's wear, and then the laundry.

But in the last year the cottons have been putting on dark colors with considerable success. There are organdies and swisses in browns, greys and navy blues, crisp and exquisite as the wistarias, orchids and tangerines.

Gingham, too, at one time strictly for morning and house wear, is now considered very chic for street wear. Stripes and plain ginghams are liked; and brown and white, blue and white, and red and white, are smartly relieved with white organdie accessories.

Then there are the cotton voiles in smart, printed patterns of black, brown, navy, green and violet—cool enough for the hottest weather and with much the appearance of silk material. They lend themselves to draped effects and tunics and to waists with vest

Both photographs by Old Masters



Top, Afternoon gown of black and white with ribbon trimming. Designed by Sally Milgrim. Posed by Dorothy Phillips. *Left*, Coronation robe of ermine. Designed and made by Otto Kahn, Inc. Posed by Irene Castle

or collar of net or organdie.

Serviceable but softly attractive are the English prints and sateens with background of green, navy or golden brown with a tracery of lines and figures. These are made quite simply with removable organdie frills or with collars and cuffs of embroidered batiste or linen. In fact, the cotton frock about town resolutely puts behind it the

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Eugene O'Neill, Dramatist

(Continued from page 56)

the Caribbees," "Bound East for Cardiff," "In the Zone" and "The Long Voyage Home," written some years later. That he had not yet begun to write, or perhaps even thought of doing so, the drama of life on the high seas held him in its grip and he made several more voyages, as able seaman now, under the flag of the American Line.

Swinging like a pendulum between sea and stage, he drifted aimlessly to New Orleans and accepted the juvenile part in the vaudeville version of "Monte Cristo" with his father, who had given him little encouragement in his wanderings. Soon afterwards he was working in a newspaper office in New London, Connecticut, but an attack of tuberculosis took him from this approach to the literary profession and enforced a period of rest and the opportunity to think over the life-time of adventure and experience which he had crammed into his brief twenty-five years. The result was the publication, after his recovery in 1914, of "Thirst and Other One-Act Plays," and the serious study of play-writing under Professor Baker at Harvard the following year. Since then he has continued to write, with increasing interest and freedom of expression, at times in New York, but for the most part in Provincetown, Massachusetts.

Except for the immature melodramas, "The Web" and "Recklessness," this early volume shows many of the elements of strength and individuality and dramatic intensity which characterize his later and better known work. The vivid tragedy of the shipwrecked passengers dying on the life-raft in the madness of privation in "Thirst" forecasts his relentless realism; something of the ability to inspire terror which has been felt in "The Emperor Jones" appears in "Fog" with its mysteries of the sea. The remaining play, "Warnings," also dealing with shipwreck, is an unsuccessful attempt to combine homely realism and deep tragedy which he accomplished so effectively in "Beyond the Horizon." From the time of these early plays O'Neill has been closely associated with the Provincetown Players, thru whom his unconventional dramas first reached the stage, and in whose spirit of constructive experiment and sincere individuality he may be said to collaborate. Their production of the vivid character sketch of the forecastle, "Bound East for Cardiff," some four years ago, first attracted public notice to O'Neill. They also presented "The Moon of the Caribbees," of similar genre, and "Where the Cross Is Made," while the Washington Square Players gave "In the Zone" with its keen analysis of war-time distrusts and hatreds, and "The Rope," a horrifying study of greed. At the Greenwich Village Theater appeared "Ile," the most

dramatic of this group which were published in 1919 under the title of "The Moon of the Caribbees."

Difficult as it is to classify a writer of O'Neill's originality according to the standards of ordinary drama, it will be generally agreed that the outstanding quality of all his work is its convincing naturalism. No matter where the scene is laid, in the jungles of a Caribbean island, in a life-boat on the heaving seas, in the forecastle or the cabin, on the deck of a whaler caught in the Arctic ice, or in the drab and humble parlor of a New England farm, no matter whether the action is strange or commonplace, the picture of life is equally real and the characters stand out definite and living. In fact, they are so real that the chief interest in most of the plays lies not in the original dramatic situation but in the reaction of the characters to it. Thus the progress of the action and the final tragedy are the inevitable result of the characters, of their nature, and of their choice of solution for a given problem, a choice based always on a sound and consistent analysis of their psychology. There is no *deus ex machina*, no accident interfering with the logical course of their fate. O'Neill's plays are tragedies, not because that is the most dramatic or artistic of possible endings for them, but because that is the only possible result of the situations and characters. Emma Crosby, in "Diff'rent," like Robert Mayo, pays the penalty for having denied her own nature; Brutus Jones brings upon himself the fate held in store for him by his own memory and mental inheritance.

The tragedy of this inescapable fate is made still more poignant by the fact that the characters themselves are so often unconscious of it, that they go on doing and saying everyday and to them inconsequential things, while they are really ruining their own or each other's happiness. Andy Mayo, in "Beyond the Horizon," does not guess that he is breaking Ruth's heart when he carelessly apologizes for having thought himself in love with her at the time of her marriage to his brother; Robert plans his future life gaily when everyone else knows that he is in the last stages of a fatal illness; shiftless Benny Rogers, in "Diff'rent," after bringing his uncle's long-smouldering, unhappy love affair to a tragic issue, exclaims innocently and uncomprehendingly that everybody has gone crazy except himself. To carry realism to this point, instead of attempting to help the tragic effect with oratorical and sententious expressions of feeling, requires a high degree of courage and skill, and shows an incisive understanding on O'Neill's part of the life and people he depicts. In the words of the Gentleman describing the shipwreck in "Thirst," he

seems to say: "A tragedy happens—we are in the midst of it—and one of our clearest remembrances afterwards is a remark that might have been overheard in any subway train."

Like Zola and many other realists of different epochs, O'Neill has not hesitated to go to the lowest depths and dregs of human life for much of his material, such as the brawls of drunken sailors and negroes in "The Moon of the Caribbees," and the "shanghaiing" of Olsson in a port saloon in "The Long Voyage Home." But in his startling pictures of degradation, it is not the degradation for its own sake that interests him or his audience; it is the dramatic situation and the development of the characters. He has never dragged them in the mud for the sake of the mud, as Flaubert and his followers have sometimes done, nor for the purposes of propaganda or reform. Whatever the scene discloses, one never feels that his naturalism is mere naturalism and nothing more; it is the art of naturalism.

The wide scope of O'Neill's interest in life and observation of it, however, is more evident in the variety of the physical material he has used, in the diversity of setting and plot and situation than in his choice of human subject-matter. His characters are invariably those who are beaten down and conquered by their own failings or by evil forces outside of themselves and against which their nature makes them helpless; they have missed their opportunities; their potential good qualities have been turned to bad by the circumstances in which they find themselves placed; they are always the failures and victims of life, never the masters of their own temperament and fate. This is a point of view which increases the emotional intensity of the tragedy but leaves no possibility of a gleam of the hopeful optimism which makes such denouements endurable and worth while.

It is not, indeed, their philosophy that gives O'Neill's plays so important a place in American drama, nor their realism alone, but the rare imagination which permeates them and has become a more and more vital force as his work progresses. In the best of his earlier plays this phase of the author finds expression in the background of the sea and its mystic spell; in the horror and fear of the shipwrecked victims in "Thirst"; in the half-explained sights and sounds coming thru the mist in "Fog." The mystery of the cry of a child heard twenty-four hours after its death in this play foreshadows the more logically analyzed phenomenon of the subconscious mind in "The Emperor Jones," but the direction of the development of the idea shows O'Neill's present interest in the mental rather than the physical aspect of these strange impressions. (Continued on p. 60)

Main Street, the Farmer and Literature

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as 'put a premium on.' Against the one or two big city editors of our newspapers, there are the hundreds of others who spoil writers. Thus the reporter fails.

"Newspaper training, as I see it, is a menace to the would-be writer. Hergesheimer had no such training. Indeed, he even lacks that other supposed requisite, a college training. Cabell is another good example of an able writer, minus the newspaper schooling. Edith Wharton is yet another."

From literature, Mr. Lewis turned to the problems of America. "Main Street is doomed to disappear," he went on. "It probably won't be in your or my time, but it is certain to go. The movement is not coming from Main Street itself, but from the farmers who support it. It is only recently that the farmer, since time immemorial the serf or peasant, came to see Main Street in its true light—as a parasite living upon the agricultural worker. Realize how the town doctor has acted, as if it were a favor to take care of the country patients, the storekeeper had kindly sold goods to the farmer, and the bank had now and then extended credit. Things are changing."

"All this is coming about thru co-operative farmers' organizations. The farmer is beginning to think in terms of all farmers. True, farmers' organizations appear and disappear with disheartening rapidity, but the idea is germinating. There are other things entering into the theory, such as the new way of having large schools for large districts, the children being gathered by motor trucks. The old country road school with its old-fashioned thinking is giving way to the bigger school, with its co-operative methods and broadened vision."

"The time is coming when the movement will be away from the city to the farm. Then the farmer, with his modernized household improvements and his revised status in human affairs, will be the citizen who gets the most from life. One of the important reasons for the past farm exodus has been the hard life and its long hours."

"Many farmers work sixteen hours a day. Why? In the main, because they cannot obtain competent aid, altho, of course, it dates back to the lowly status of the farmer. Again, it is due to lack of government co-operation."

"In time of war we raise, drill and maintain large armies to fight an outside enemy. Yet every year we fail to provide a peace army to fight our inside enemies. Our crops are handled as they may happen to be handled, altho the life of the nation depends upon them. Thus we see over two million itinerant farm workers drift about the country every year. They make their living as best they may, veritable hoboes who are despised in the communities thru which they move. Termed everything down to I. W. W.'s, these men gather our crops each year. They are the backbone of our nation, yet the government does nothing to regulate or aid

them. They may drift from Kansas to Minnesota or farther, beating their way on trains, frequently being robbed or jailed, and always knowing nothing of the proper locations to apply for work. Thus one district will have a surfeit of men, while another will have none."

"Actually, the government should organize and aid their members. True they may receive ten dollars or so a day, but remuneration makes no difference. If a man is treated as a bum, he is a bum, whether or not he has ten dollars in his pocket."

"In truth, we are far from a civilized state. Other countries are little better, of course. This same lack of national comprehension runs all thru our life. For instance, we conduct drives for billions, and shift millions of men overseas to fight the Hun, when the patent medicine recipe is killing more Americans than any hostile enemy."

"We make half-hearted laws to protect ourselves and let it go at that. We permit organizations to censor our books and magazines, to suppress such a book as Cabell's 'Jürgen,' and then we allow our Main Streets to house stores wherein cheap and tawdry pictures are exploited and sold to ruin our youth. We Americans are, indeed, uncivilized."

Eugene O'Neill, Dramatist

(Continued from page 59)

Following the same line of thought, he has dwelt rather at length on different phases of insanity in some of his plays. Sometimes this has chiefly an emotional value in heightening the climax, as in "Thirst" and still more in "Ile," where the Captain's wife drives herself to madness by brooding and gazing at the polar ice during the long months while he awaits the opportunity to get as much whale oil as he had determined to take home from this cruise. Something of the attitude of the scientific explorer in the field of psychology is combined with the imaginative in "Where the Cross Is Made" and the powerful three-act play made from it, "Gold" which is still in manuscript form, but destined soon, so rumor says, for production.

It is this side of his work that interests O'Neill himself more than any other. He considers imagination the motive force behind all the reality of life, and freedom to develop along imaginative lines the greatest need of the modern theater. Familiar as he is with the stage and the stagecraft of today, he has written many things beyond its power to fully interpret. There are no means at hand to give a perfect illusion of a small boat icebergs looming thru fog; and the emotion-striking possibilities of the thought-

haunted jungle of "The Emperor Jones" have not been exhausted. O'Neill's power of imagination is a call and a challenge to a freer, broader and newer art of the theater.

Its recurrence in "The Emperor Jones" after the more strictly realistic "Moon of the Caribbees" series and "Beyond the Horizon," and the fact that it has occurred in the form of a keen and careful analysis of psychological possibilities, indicates the probable direction of O'Neill's future development. This psychological analysis is deeper and more daring in "Diff'rent," which the author considers his best work, and in which he has kept entirely within the realm of naturalism, both on the side of the physical and that of the subconscious. One can only guess the character of the sixteen plays, which at one time recently he had in mind or unfinished or unpublished, by the fact that he is now taking up with growing interest the study of the universality of certain old legends. Like Robert Mayo, he is lured on in his work by "the beauty of the far-off and the unknown . . . the need of the freedom of great, wide spaces, the joy of wandering on and on, in quest of the secret which is hidden just over beyond the horizon."

The American Beauty Type of 1922

(Continued from page 43)

ment of speech and manner. When a girl is asked what she has done on the stage, and she ends her story with 'and the like o' that,' she won't do. Tho I am not examining her for her grammar, I expect it to be included in the bargain.

"A glance at the photo taken at one of our trials will be enlightening. This group represents a selection made by Mr. Royce, my stage manager, which he weeded out of hundreds for possible available material; the rest were not up to the standard. Those hundreds I didn't see may have been just as good, I don't know. It's a painful task at best, I try to be sincere, and I am always impersonal. In spite of good intentions, however, I am suspected of preferences, of unfair decisions."

"Here is a letter, charmingly written, with a sensitive veneer of satire in it that accuses me of injustice. I receive many like it, but not all of them have the cleverness of this one. I am addressed with that formal, icy tone that forewarns me. I never saw the writer."

"Mr. F. Ziegfeld, Jr.,
Dear Sir:

"Whoever said that anticipation is better than realization was unusually clever. I can fully appreciate the pathos of it after my experience with Mr. Royce, and his assistant in the New Amsterdam theater."

"There never has been or will be a more disgusted and disappointed mortal."
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Beauty—and Facts

(Continued from page 53)

year's publicity in our three magazines. She will have her expenses paid. There may be one or more winners. And there will be a final Honor Roll as well.

The contest is now so well known that any honor its judges may confer on any contestant will be of material benefit to him, or her, in seeking a screen career.

We will repeat the announcement of last month: that any one who has submitted a picture to the Fame and Fortune Contest is invited to come, at his or her own expense, to the offices of the Brewster Publication, Inc., at 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., between the hours of 10 and 4, on Friday, July 1, for a personal inspection before the judges' committee. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following days at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the judges, will not have one made. The second day for a personal appearance will be Friday, September 2.

If your ambition is true and your spirit determined, and if you are wise, you will send your picture in *now*, as soon as you have finished reading this article. The office is literally swamped with pictures during the last six weeks of the contest. So many people wake up too late to the value of this particular enterprise. Remember, all that it costs you is the price of your photograph, and what you may win is worth many times that much.

In the confusion attendant upon the influx of pictures of the inevitable "last minutes" yours might be overlooked. Of course, every effort will be made to take care of the daily accumulation, but human willingness and efficiency cannot always cancel human shortcomings. Photographs are already increasing in quantity. It is a good-natured joke with the postmen. They say if it keeps up at this rate they will have to turn over a parcel post delivery truck to handle them. You can appreciate what an honor it really is to have your picture chosen from among so many.

Last, but assuredly not least in our list of facts, is SHADOWLAND's Honor Roll for July. These two girls are material evidence of the worth-while-ness of the Fame and Fortune Contest. They are Dorothy Mackenzie, 79 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Laura Land, 710 Louisiana Ave., Shreveport, La.

Miss Mackenzie is a blonde with hazel eyes. She is 5 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 129 pounds. Deprive her of the classic beauty of her Greek column, and classic beauty would still remain; for it is hers by the inalienable right of birth.

Miss Land, with the alliterative name, is a piquant beauty with blue eyes and dark brown hair. She is just twenty years old. Note the exquisite grace of her slender arms,

In the Musical Comedy Factories

(Continued from page 46)

arranging with speed and decision details of production. Numbers were repeated over and over. Dialog was discarded in several places to bring the presentation down to the regulation two hours and one-half.

It is remarkable that anything is accomplished at a dress rehearsal, so prevalent is disorder. Flashlights are being taken, stage hands are erecting scenery, librettists are moving about nervously, actors stand about helplessly, chorus girls are munching sandwiches, directors and managers are entangled in a maze of detail, costumers are making eleventh hour changes, musicians are distracting others and are themselves distracted. The really only calm people in attendance are the producers themselves who remain in their seats, making mental notes and giving occasional orders.

Out of this vast chaos it is strange that order can be made. But the fact remains it is made, and the opening performance of any musical play, customarily held on the night following a dress rehearsal, usually attains a high degree of precision.

Rehearsals of a Ziegfeld production center about the chorus, the members of which are selected for their comeliness of face and figure. The fame of the Ziegfeld "Follies" has been established upon the beauty of the girls in the ensemble, and considerable care is taken at the rehearsals to display the charms of each girl to their best advantage, even giving them important bits to play if their talent and loveliness warrant it. The settings, usually by Josef Urban, come in for attention, for they must contribute a striking pictorial background for the Ziegfeldian coryphees.

Edward Royce, Ned Wayburn and Leon Errol have all been engaged in staging the Ziegfeld production; Royce taking care of the principals and their scenes, Wayburn directing the dances, and Errol devising and guiding the comedy situations. But thru all the rehearsals the personal attention of Ziegfeld is exerted, changing this number, discarding that scene or bit of dialog, building up another scene, ordering a part for a young girl of promising talent, contributing ideas to librettists and composers.

Most of the Ziegfeld rehearsals take place on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater and here are also to be found chorus girls in all varieties of dress and undress, some practicing dances between their numbers, others reading novels or watching the work of the principals.

Fred Latham stages the Dillingham musical plays, all of which bear an air of smartness and distinction. He is a strict disciplinarian, is Latham, and he knows what he wants. Allan K. Foster arranges most of the dances of the productions. Mr. Dillingham himself, like Ziegfeld, devotes considerable attention to his musical plays. He puts a special emphasis upon graceful dancing and tasteful decorations and costumes.

George M. Cohan places his chief insistence in the rehearsals of his musical productions upon speed, speed and again speed. As a consequence, his shows move with a briskness and snap that are out of the ordinary.

A visitor to a musical comedy rehearsal will find much to interest him. No producer's method is alike, tho the same general formula is followed thruout, because each presentation must necessarily have principals, chorus and directors.

The American Beauty Type of 1922

(Continued from page 60)

"For weeks I have read glowing accounts of the illustrious Mr. Ziegfeld, of the wonderful careers of girls fortunate enough to have been chosen for his productions—I had pictured you as one man in a million—and with high hopes I have lived with one goal in mind, an interview with you. Always I understood that you interviewed personally every girl who tried for a place in your shows. Today we were just herded together and certainly there was no opportunity to even speak a word. Of course, I realize that your worthy assistants must have the ability to discern at a glance the possibilities of each aspirant, but when about twenty of us were judged in less than a minute it was only too obvious that we didn't have half a chance.

"Naturally your trials and tribulations are many, but, candidly, I don't see how you can sit by and allow the public in general to shower praise and glory upon you for things you never do. Your share for the things you do will be great enough. If you refused to allow those things to be printed there would be fewer disappointments and blasted hopes.

"I fancied you as the one person who could make anything or nothing of my life—it was as I said a disillusionment and I am more than sorry that the anticipation part of it is over.

"Respectfully,

"The anticipations of many hundred potential beauties must fall by the way, because I have an obstinate idea of what the 'Follies' beauty-type should be, and when I say that, I mean a standard widely acceptable to the public.

"Public taste in girl-beauty has certain definite elements. The doll-type is always popular, unfortunately it is difficult to find. A doll-face on a big figure is out of beauty focus. There used to be a dainty, small, slim figured little girl type that seems to have disappeared. We can't find them. The show-girl, not quite so Junoesque as Dolores, but with some unusual talent for grace and aristocratic carriage, has taken the place of these pretty living dolls of the past.

"The trouble with the average girl who tries to show off is that she imagines herself a tragedy queen, or a classic figure of Greek stoicism; she is too superficially

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Lines o' Beauty



THE poet's nut-brown mayde may be attractive in her native element but she will never be an object of envy in lands where the name woman is synonymous with grace, beauty, and fairness of skin.

Jules Verne has written of the search for the Green Ray. A number of men heard that the sun glinting up from the horizon toward sunset strikes thru the waves of the sea and just before it sinks down below the waters shoots up a pure green ray into the air across the turquoise heavens. A charmingly romantic story.

Interesting if not romantic is the scientific fact that while sunlight is composed of rays of different colors, it is the blue rays and violet rays of the summer sun that sunburn, tan and freckle the skin. A phenomenon as absorbing in its way as the quest for the Green Ray of Jules Verne, it presents a problem far more puzzling—especially to women: how to effectively protect the complexion against these ravaging rays.

Motoring, golfing, riding and yachting may play havoc with the sensitive skin of the American woman but there is no excuse for this waste of charm. An attractive face is one that glows with health of beauty and soul—and outdoor pleasure is conducive to both. The smooth, silken fine texture of skin that belongs to a clean, healthy body with enough brain at the top of it to take care of that texture may be safeguarded against sun, wind, weariness, and time. Milady may enjoy the seasonable sports of summer by using intelligent care each day—a protective care.

There is a preparation that represents an amazing achievement of modern chemistry. It revolutionizes the art of beauty culture as it practically makes curative measures unnecessary by protecting the skin and preventing freckles, sunburn, tan and chapping of the skin due to heat, wind and weather. It counteracts the blue and violet sun-rays to which alone these blemishes are due and enables one to go sea bathing, riding, motoring, gardening and return home with the skin quite unharmed by the sun.

In the morning, or before going out,

rub into the skin of the face, neck and arms a protective cream. Only a small quantity is necessary. It is invisible in use and is an excellent foundation for powder. Incidentally, this preparation is invaluable for children, as it will not harm the most delicate skin.

Upon returning home, do not use water on the face, but a cleansing cream. Rub well into the skin and wipe off with a soft towel. Apply a small quantity of cream or skin food, allowing it to remain on the face while, if possible, you rest and relax.

And don't forget the eyes. Think of the dust that gets in them in these days of you-cant-see-me-for-dust activities! Bathe them upon coming in with an eyecup of boracic-acid water or mild salt water—and keep them closed during the rest period—the longer the better. Remove superfluous cream with a skin-toning lotion, finish with a dusting of powder and you will appear as cool and sweet as tho you had rested the entire day upon your own vine-covered piazza.

The upon-returning-home-treatment, by the way, is for the business woman as well as for milady of leisure. Her skin, as well as that of the ardent sports-woman, needs extra care during the trying heat of summer.

Extra care should be given the hands, neck and arms of the woman who enjoys seasonable outdoor pleasure if she would appear at her best in summery evening attire. After the hands have been thoroughly

washed, rub into the skin before drying, a soothing and softening cream. Finish the neck, arms and hands with a dusting of powder and if you have a special engagement, for an evening of dancing, for instance, it is well to use a special whitener, that gives the skin an alabaster smoothness and will not come off until washed off.

Before retiring, the bath, a hot one at least three times a week—on other nights a luke-warm one—in the morning, if one is constitutionally fit, the cold shower. There is no other way to get the bath-a-day look than by taking it!

The face should be cleansed at night according to its need. If the skin is oily, use a pure complexion soap or a cleansing medium called beauty grains. If the

skin is very oily with enlarged pores, an open-pore paste should be used two or three times a week in place of soap.

If the skin is dry, use cleansing cream at night as a rule—but it is good to give the face a water bath two or three times a week, using either beauty grains or a soap that is not drying to the skin. Before retiring, whether the skin is dry or oily, it should be gently massaged with a good skin food.

In the morning, after the shower, apply a skin-toning lotion and a bit of powder. Then, when preparing for another day of outdoor pleasure, again apply the protective cream.

If the skin shows signs of freckles, or if there are freckles or tan of long standing, there is a bleaching cream and freckle paste that will obliterate the most obstinate of these and whiten the skin of the face and hands.

If this summer régime is faithfully followed, the most delicate complexions are made invulnerable by sun and wind, enabling milady not only to retain her soft charm but a serene mind and sweet spirit without which she cannot be truly beautiful.

Personal attention and authentic information on matters relating to fashions and beauty are assured readers of SHADOWLAND. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIFE

By Betty Earle

Life is like a lengthy hair;
Fine at first and soft and fair.

Later, its perfection breaks
Thru impatience and mistakes.

The crooked comb, the careless hand—
All things mar the easy strand.

Then at last, worn, old and grey,
It loses hold and falls away.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

Over the garden of the gods

The cherry petals blow;
On slender stem a lily nods,
And gently, to and fro,
The tall rose gleanders sway;
And silent gleams the golden day.

A moving thread of water lies

Like light along the ground,
And mirrors back the sun-steeped skies
Smoothly, without a sound.
A slow-stirred ripple, rising wets
Low heavy-headed violets.

Tall shafts of myrtle, darkly green,

With jasmine bowered white
And pale-orbed moon-vine, stand between
Rose-glowing aconite,
And dark beneath the sun's high spell,
Great crimson waves of asphodel.

And all is still beneath the sun . . .

No hum of bees is heard,
Nor dragon-fly, where ripples run,
Nor any flying bird,—
For bird and bee and dragon-fly
Must perish in that burning sky!



The Negro in the Theater

(Continued from page 47)

considerable part in American theatricals until the middle of the nineteenth century. In the thirties, Thomas D. Rice, a white man, created the immensely popular negro character "Jim Crow." In the forties, America's most distinctive and original form of entertainment, the minstrel show, began to make its appearance. It reached its heyday in the seventies, when all-colored organizations like Callender's Original Georgia Minstrels had Charles Frohman in their Brooklyn box office and many rival companies disputed with them on tour. Gradually the white man won the field.

From minstrelsy the negro actor turned to musical comedy. From 1895 to 1910, the popular-priced circuits saw dozens of colored companies and productions. Sam T. Jack, a white manager, put out "The Creoles." John W. Isham had "The Octoroons" and "The Orientals," and sent the latter to Europe. "The Smart Set" toured until 1905. Bob Cole and Billy Johnson wrote the words and music for a long line of shows, including "A Trip to Coontown" in 1906. Billy Johnson was replaced later by Rosamund Johnson, with whom Bob Cole wrote the immensely popular "Bamboo Tree" for one of the college shows of the Mask & Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania. The best remembered of the entertainments that they took out were probably "The Red Moon" and "The Shoo-fly Regiment."

The most famous of all the colored musical organizations was that rare old company of singers, dancers, actors and composers that went by the name of its leaders, Williams and Walker. They brought a new and genuine touch to musical comedy. For once, the form reflected life. Most of their shows were written and composed by Jesse A. Shippe, Alex Rogers and Will Marion Cook. The titles still stick in one's memory: "The Senegambian Carnival" (1897), "The Policy Players," "The Sons of Ham," "In Dahomey" (which went to London), "Abyssinia" (1905), and "Bandanna Land" (the last of the series, produced about 1908).

After Walker's career was brought to an end by his fatal illness, Bert Williams went on alone with his own show, "Mr. Lode of Koal," but soon found variety more profitable and ultimately won a place in the Ziegfeld "Follies." Williams' only rival as an individual colored performer was Ernest Hogan, who played so long at Hammerstein's Victoria and always billed himself as "The Unbleached American."

The decay of the Stair and Havlin circuit of popular-priced houses played a great part in bringing an end to the second effort at negro expression in the theater—the colored musical comedy. Since then negro performers have had largely to confine their efforts to vaudeville and their own stock companies. These latter organizations have tried in the main to give the ordinary successes

of Broadway in as close imitation of the white performance as possible, applying chalk and rouge freely. When, after his apprenticeship in the musical comedies, Gilpin founded the stock company in the Lafayette Theater, Harlem, he used to mitigate the inartistic quality of these imitations of white players by transposing his own part, wherever possible, into a colored character.

Negro activity in the white theater lapsed until 1916. Then Robert Edmund Jones, the scenic artist of "Richard III" and "The Jest," created, with the aid and encouragement of Emily Hapgood, the Colored Players. The company appeared briefly, but I think gloriously, at the old Garden Theater and the Garrick in a bill of plays by one of the few American playwrights who have seen the dramatic possibilities of the negro race, Ridgely Torrence. Jones produced his "Rider of Dreams," a richly sympathetic comedy, his "Granny Maumee," a tragedy of voodoo, and his "Simon, the Cyrenian," a drama of the negro slave who played such a curious part in the story of Christ. Jones gathered his players from New York's negro quarter, Harlem. The playing of Opal Cooper and Alex Rogers will be long remembered by those who saw the Colored Players.

Two evidences have developed in the past years showing that the negro has felt the general awakening of interest in a new theater. Last season up in the Harlem Y. W. C. A. a group of young negro men and women formed the Players' Guild to put on "Simon, the Cyrenian" and other plays. They not only acted and produced these pieces themselves, but one of their number designed the costumes and settings.

Of greater range and more solid accomplishment is the work of Howard University and the Howard Players in Washington, D. C. Here we find in a negro university of about fifteen hundred students a dramatic department and workshop, or producing organization, almost as completely organized as Professor Baker's at Harvard. The university itself, under the direction of Professor Montgomery Gregory, a Harvard graduate, maintains a department of dramatics in which are given courses in the history of the drama, dramatic technique or playwriting, and in acting and production. Marie Moore-Forrest, executive officer of Community Service in Washington, teaches the theory of acting and rehearses the students in actual productions. Cleon Throckmorton, technical director of the Provincetown Players, has charge of the classes in stage design and production methods. Sue Gossin of the Boston School of Fine Arts teaches costume design. Unlike Harvard, Howard University gives credit toward a degree for production work in the negro parallel to Professor Baker's "47 Workshop." The Howard Players have given plays by Dunsany, Torrence and O'Neill.

The purpose of Howard University is

frankly to better the standing of the negro in the community thru showing his ability as an artist. Professor Gregory believes that the negro can win a broader recognition of his rights and responsibilities as a citizen by demonstrating his ability as an artist. He hopes to train actors and producers who will be able to organize groups of negro players in some of the bigger cities, and give plays in theaters in outside negro districts, catering to both white and colored patrons as Williams and Walker used to do. If they can present good entertainment of a characteristically flavo, they will unquestionably find an appreciative audience. And this audience will recognize the virtues of the negro race and accord it such respect as it deserves.

YOUNG HEARTBREAK

By *Alfarata Bowdoin*

Hush, dear! There is no need for weeping.
People say the years are kind.

Has your jewel slipped your keeping?
Hush! There is no need for weeping.
Rest will come and quiet sleeping.
(Ah, 'tis youth you leave behind!)

Hush, there is no need for weeping—
People say the years are kind.

MASQUERADE

By *J. Corson Miller*

Over the Night-King's palace-towers
The Fairies' lanterns glow;
To a lullaby of the restless pines,
The river sleeps below.
I will shape me a key from my chain of dreams,
O-Hi! O-Hee! O-Ho!
For the Masquerade of the Fairies waits,
And I must go.

The Night-King's music is ghostly sweet,
The bells of the South-Wind chime,
To the opening waltz of the Lily Queens,
And the merry sprigs of lime.
The wise old Moon is doorkeeper—
O-Hi! O-Hee! O-Ho!
With his silver cloak, and his winking eye,
And his portmanteau.

The night-hawks peer thru leafy bars,
At the throngs on the forest-floor,
Who sway in a maze of dripping light,
While an owl hoots the score.
Outside is the House of Human Grief—
O-Hi! O-Hee! O-Ho!
But I have shaped me the Key of Dreams,
Where song and laughter flow.

Under the eyes of the whispering oaks
Young acorns strut and sing;
For all the Elves of the forest-world
Are guests of Night, the King.
But, hark!—Day rides on the steeds of the Dawn,
O-Hi! O-Hee! O-Ho!
And I, O my! I have lost the Key,—
The Key of Dreams that I shaped for me,
And the Night is where—?
And the Masque is where—?
All gone!

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic—The Elixir of Life

(Continued from page 42)

crabbed and embittered heart gets at once happy and carefree and filled with an irrational generosity. One drop—and lips smile, eyes sparkle and the Impossible is full of the most alluring possibilities. One drop—and adventure meets one at every corner, one is again a denizen of Arcadia and lives in a time 'when lutes were strung and love-lamps in the case-ment hung,' in short, one drop—and one laughs at Professor Voronoff as a mere bungler . . . Now, you shall have this bottle and you'll make a fortune out of it. Rent, somewhere, a little *boutique*, get a table, a few chairs, a few wine-glasses, dispense the elixir for the fabulous price it deserves, and you can't help growing rich!" And with an encouraging smile the fairy hurries away while Triton stands on the Boulevard, the precious bottle in his hand.

Triton did not find it quite easy to follow the directions of the fairy. To be true, he knew of a rather dingy little *boutique* somewhere in the Quartier, a *boutique* in which a dusty table and some broken chairs were forlornly waiting for the end of all things, but the place belonged to an old miser who asked five francs a day for it and insisted on being paid in advance. Triton begged, implored, wept, swore, became frantic, but all in vain. At last he got permission to use the *boutique* for one day, just for one day; but, if at the end of the day Triton should not be able to pay the landlord a month's rent, out he would go, and receive a drubbing in the bargain. . . .

And so we find Triton, the next morning installed in this *boutique*. The bottle stands on the still undusted table, two chipped wine glasses complete the outfit, and in the window there is a big, beautifully written sign which reads:

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH !!!

The Most Marvelous Rejuvenator of Our Times!

Harmless to the Most Delicate Constitution! Contains no Radium! One sip sufficient to get astounding results!

Two Francs Ninety-five Centimes the sip.

But whatever the reason, was it the miserable *boutique*, was it the uninviting outfit? Nobody came to taste the elixir. The warm morning grew into a hot noon, the hot noon burned away into a cool dusk, and not once did the bell tinkle to announce a buyer for the precious elixir. Triton was near despair. In another hour it would be evening, and the landlord would come to collect his money. What should he do? He was almost tempted to run away, when suddenly the door opened and a woman entered the shop. "Your elixir, Monsieur," she said, "is it really good?"

"Madame," began Triton, "my elixir is—" but before he could continue he recognized his visitor and in a trembling voice he exclaimed: "*Madame, c'est toi!* It is you, Madeleine? Oh,

false one, how did you come to be here?" Madeleine blushed and in blushing she looked so pretty that no elixir could possibly improve her. "Oh Triton," she stammered, "how strange. Are you in cosmetics now? Did you cease to make poems? Oh, do talk to me; don't be angry any longer. I am so pleased to see you again."

Gentle reader, have you ever had a lost love say to you, that she is so-o-o pleased to see you again? If it ever did happen to you, you will certainly understand that Triton could not resist. Soon he and Madeleine were both sitting on the half-broken chairs and talking of the good old times. "*Ten souviens-tu,*" began she, "do you remember, Triton, how happy we were together, how we loved and kissed—you had such a nice way of kissing me just below my ear—and do you remember our little room? *Dis-donc*, do you remember our days in Compiègne? And our trip to Trianon? Oh, Triton, what good times these were!"

Triton trembled. It seemed to him that the past, the glorious past, was speaking to him again thru the sweet voice of this dear and faithless woman; it seemed to him that all his lost hopes, all his vain desires, all his long-forgotten dreams came suddenly rushing back upon him, filling him with a strange, sad and yet very wonderful intoxication. It seemed to him that Time was but a myth, that the drab years he had seen were of no account and that Youth and Love had once more come to claim him for their own. "It was a glorious time," he sighed, "and we were happy, and I loved you. Oh, how I loved you, Madeleine, your hair, your skin, the soft down on your lips and the tiny mole on your left shoulder. Ye gods, what a love that was, what a sad, irrational, delightful love! And in the end you betrayed me so shamelessly."

Madeline remonstrated. "You exaggerate, Triton," she said, "you always did. That was your worst fault. I never betrayed you shamelessly. In fact, I was most discreet. Only, you were so very clever—ah, Triton, nobody is quite so clever as you are." And then, bending nearer to him, and caressing his hand with her slim fingers: "*Dis-donc, mon ami*, don't you care a tiny bit for me any more? That mole, you know, it is still on my shoulder—" Triton hesitated. Could he forget how much he had suffered? But somehow his heart became insanely generous, and all he desired was to please that woman sent to his *boutique* by some strange power—perhaps by the very goddess of Adventure, the glorious goddess, whose favors he had so long missed. Ere he knew it he had Madeleine in his arms, their lips met, and Paris and the Quartier were changed into Arcadia. After a while Madeleine whispered breathlessly into his ear: "Triton, I have a nice little store with an apartment near by. I am now modiste, quite successful, and I would need a clever man to help me with the books. *Si tu*

veux—if you want—" If he wanted!—Gentle reader, could he help wanting? Arm in arm, the two left the *boutique* and the Elixir of Youth stood forgotten on the table.

A little while after, the old miser came in, but he found no Triton. All he saw was the bottle which he opened, sniffing and contemplating if he should taste of the strange draught. His whole fate hung in the balance. One drop and he would again be wonderfully, splendidly, unbelievably young. One drop, and the sky would become enchantingly blue, the sun marvelously golden, and his crabbed and embittered heart carefree and happy and full of an irrational generosity. One drop, and his lips would smile, his eyes sparkle, and the Impossible seem full of the most delightful Possibilities. One drop, one single drop—the whole dingy shop waited breathlessly what would happen, the very chairs seemed to tiptoe and to look, the table sided nearer and a tremendous, unspoken question hung in the air. Would he drink? Would the miracle happen? . . .

Ah, gentle reader, the mixture, as you know, smelled of *sirop de groseille*, and it happened that our miser detested this particular *sirop*. With a muttered curse he flung the bottle out of the window, closed his shop and went home. . . .

The fairy, who, invisible, had witnessed the events of this day, said with a sigh: "The Elixir of Youth is the most useless gift to offer to mortals. Those who desire it carry it in their own hearts, and those who would need it do not want to taste it." With these words she left our earth and no one saw her since, but Madeleine and Triton lived happily, well, not forever after, but for three long months, and that is about all the happiness a poor mortal heart can possibly stand.

FANTASY

By Le Baron Cooke

The night's a huge blackbird
Spreading its wings
Over a nest of trembling things.

MOONLIGHT VISTAS

By Paul Tanaquil

Across the wall
Of my bare room
The moving jets
Of moonlight fall,
Sketching strange figures
That recall
The madcap march
Of marionettes
From carnival
To tomb.

ONE NIGHT

By Margio-Lee Runbeck

You were like a candle
In your white gown.
I think I could have warmed my hands
At the fire
Of your luminous hair.
When I kissed you,
Two tears
Ran down your face
Like liquid wax,
Searing my breast
Where they fell.

What Censorship Really Means—

(Continued from page 39)

The answer is worth making, for the type of so-called reformer is becoming more and more dominant in American life today—the people who couldn't watch a man go by a saloon door without a morbid terror that he would be tempted to go in and get drunk have managed to "put over" the folly of prohibition; the people who imagine that young people cannot go to a dance without being tempted to seduce each other wish to put a ban on dancing; the people who fancy that if anyone sees a bathing-beauty in a moving picture he will rush from the theater in a frenzy of lust want to censor moving pictures; the women who believe that one cannot smoke a cigaret without being tempted to smoke oneself to death wish to do away with tobacco; the people who think that a man cannot play golf on Sunday without surrendering his soul to the devil want to goose-step us all into church. The fact is, the country is pestered to death with these busybodies who seem anxious to regulate everybody's habits except their own. They are making us ridiculous in the eyes of civilized nations, which is bad enough in itself, but worse still, they are making all of us miserable and uncomfortable in our personal lives. The time to fight them is now—and perhaps as good a way as any to fight them is to explain them.

The genesis of a reformer is typically this: At a certain period in his (or, of course, her) youth he is assailed with doubts—it is the normal rebellious period of the awkward age, when one begins to doubt the religion one is brought up in and the institutions that hedge one in. This revolt is normal and healthy—it is what keeps the world progressing. Now the person who matures and becomes civilized contrives to make a compromise—he keeps a certain skepticism about ultimate things, accepting the conventions of his day and time as so many conveniences. He retains above all his own personality and point of view. He realizes that in the last analysis everything is a puzzle—that none of us can really know anything—but he does not become cynical. He simply remains human; he has the strength not to be worried. But the other never grows up; he remains in the infantile stage. Consequently when this period of doubt comes upon him, with the usual result of being frowned upon by his family, to a certain extent ostracized by his neighbors, he seizes upon some dogma to cling to. He has not the strength to be content in this kind of individual isolation; it makes him intensely uncomfortable. So he joins some organization, announces his conversion, and proceeds to try to coerce others into doing likewise. The one person this

type then hates above all others is the skeptic, the civilized, the grown-up, for the latter is a challenge, he recalls the uncomfortable doubt period of the reformer's own past—the one thing the reformer does not want recalled. Furthermore, as time goes on, the reformer draws to him other weaklings like himself and a crowd is formed in which he can move and have his social life and sanctions. All who do not believe as he and his group believe are "outsiders" to be destroyed or won over, by persuasion if possible, by force if necessary. The grown-up, usually content to be let alone and to let other people alone, is thus fair game for the reformer, who must take the offensive to protect himself and his perverted world. That is the explanation of the reformer's bigotry, ignorance, intolerance, and cruelty. He is protecting everything in his petty personality and his pettier world from the insidious attack of the skeptical and mature. In a nutshell, that is the typical development of the career of the average reformer of a certain type, and it is worth study.

For the rise to power of the so-called reformers is, from a broad point of view, symptomatic of deep emotional maladjustment in contemporary American life. That maladjustment, however, will never be straightened out by the activities of reformers—it will come, if it comes at all, by the rise to power of the mature and the civilized and the grown-up and the relegation to obscurity of the weakling, and the infantile and the ignorant. True reform it may truthfully be said will come thru the disappearance of reformers. Our American life will be better adjusted to reality only thru the slow development of education, the breaking of taboos, the encouragement of the strong rather than the futile attempt to protect the weak, the improvement in taste, the increasing possibilities for all of us to achieve a satisfactory love and emotional life. It will come thru no panacea, no statute, no short cut to a bigot's view of what constitutes morals. It will not come at once, but it must come sooner or later if we are ever to merit the appellation of a civilized nation.

Bringing this discussion down to the specific point of censorship for moving pictures, it can be said at once that nobody quarrels with any honest attempt to improve them in quality and taste. But such improvement must ultimately be made by the producers, the authors, and the public in cooperation. If there must be censorship, in a word, let it be put in the hands of those who do not advocate it—in the hands of those who know the technical problems of moving pictures, those who have a civilized appreciation of art and can discriminate between sincere

artistic efforts and mere attempts at suggestiveness, those who have a mature knowledge of literature and can condemn the cheap and tawdry without railing at a creative piece of work because it happens to be unconventional, those who at least know grammar and can force caption writers to respect the English language, those who, in a word, will survey a motion picture from a civilized and modern and mature point of view. If censorship is put in the hands of the so-called "reformers," producers may as well give up right now the notion that they can produce anything sincere, artistic, beautiful, or creative. Those are qualities of which the reformer has remained in life-long ignorance; they cannot be recognized by the type of mind which any grown-up man or woman must regard as essentially diseased.

A CANDLE AND A WOMAN'S FACE

By Vivian Yeiser Laramore

Believe me or believe me not
(I shall not blame in either case),
I only tell you what I saw,
A candle and a woman's face.

I think, a million moons ago,
I must have caused that look of pain,
I must have done some cruel thing
That she should seek me out again.

It is when I am quite alone
She comes, the candle in her hand,
She does not speak, she only looks,
Her eyes are wet,—I understand.

ROSE AND THISTLE

By Gordon Malkerbe Hillman

There's a fog on the hielands; there's a
mist on the shaw

And the wee streams are laughin' wi'
the meltin' o' the snaw,
The rowan flames the hillsides; for
April's in the air,

It's Spring-time in my ain land, an'
wad that I were there!

It's Spring-time in my ain land, an' wad
that I could be

High up upon the heather where the
Tweed goes down to sea,
Wi' your hand in my hand, an' your lips
on mine,

There's mair things than the gowd, lass,
braver things than wine!

An' we'd hear the Mavis whussle, where
the hill tracks rin,

Your eyes wad be blue in the sun-
light, bright wi' the Norlan' win',
And you wad sing me a lover's lil', an'
I wad braid your hair,

Oh, it's Spring-time in my ain land, an'
wad that I were there!

The Art of Edward Adam Kramer

(Continued from page 11)

Later still he afforded the boy a season in Berlin and Munich and finally a course in Paris under Laurens and Constant. The latter caught his pupil diverging from the realism which was the pervasive rage of the ateliers of that day, thirty years ago, and took from him an idealistic sketch of a landscape. Constant studied it curiously.

"You should do only this," he said finally. "You were not born a realist and will never love the ugly. Paint what you feel and see, what is in you."

Kramer never forgot. He came back to America and went to work on the landscapes about him in the Bronx, where the paternal home stood and stands. He turned out pictures not satisfactory to himself and fairly ludicrous to the buyers of art. He got poorer and poorer. He turned from his art more than once and must have abandoned it thru the press of necessity had not his own limitations saved him. He could do nothing else. He was forced back to his easel. The years rose and declined. The artist felt his own powers and possibilities growing and strengthening. His work took on the shine and glory he had dreamed. But none came to buy. Here and there a fellow artist paid him a rather patronizing compliment or got one of his pictures stuck into an exhibition where it was at once "killed" by juxtaposition to strong and inharmonious work by others. Why garb the details. He struggled along on the weak broth of hope for thirty years. Then, suddenly, thru the aid of half a dozen recognized painters, he stepped out into light and recognition; a pretty old man to be receiving his virgin plaudits, it is true, and yet perhaps fortunate to get them at all.

A man does not work alone, wake and sleep alone, dream and desire alone, hope and despair alone for a whole generation without achieving a secret and solitary soul. If he is an artist it is not quite so pathetic a matter, for he may put upon his page or his canvas the revelation of himself. In Kramer the thing appears to have been even an advantage of sorts, for he has jotted richly into his pictures the whole record of his yearnings and repressions. He has girded his dreams about with color; he has planted trees to make a hedge for his sequestered temperament and personality.

A pure philosophic mystic, this painter; a Galahad, a male Britomart. All that life has denied him is, therefore, sublimated in his pictures, a record of vicarious romances and visions not to be spoken of at all.

What does one see in these highly interesting and highly individual pictures, beyond their quite indescribable beauty and delicacy? Here is the representation of a Nazarene Elysium, planted with metaphysical asphodel. Here are the cypresses and cedars of fantasy, the saplings of elfland, the pools of Heshbon and vineyards of En-gedi. In short, here is all that psycho-sensual region denied

to actuality and achieved in dream. Kramer does not paint trees but the herbageous plumes of Nirvana and Avalon. His streams are not of earth. They brabble only in delicate visions. The rare people that float in his pictures are not human, not earthly. They are the cloudy personages of his heart's wishful fabulation. I never see them but I seem to feel shed upon them the infinite poignant stardust of an evening in the everlasting spring.

He has seen all this up in the Adirondacks where he paints all summer and late into the fall. I should not find it there; you would not guess its plausibility.

One wonders what all this mysticism, this nature religiosity, has to do in the modern world. What is this St. Francis of the trees doing in the world recreated by Darwin and Haeckel? Frankly, there is nothing of reason about the Kramer work at all, and everything of faith. Intellectually and philosophically the whole body of his productions lies in an antique and misapprehended period. He lives in an arboreal monastery in the age before chivalry. And to the world today he brings no message save beauty and no fruitful labor save that of the seeking soul of a lonely man.

Everyone will search in vain for the artistic cognates of Kramer. A very thin breath of Cezanne is upon him and a filmy shadow of Odilon-Redon. But he has taken nothing from these men and is not over-familiar with their histories or their product. One or two of the obscure Germans of the Munich school reveal touches he must have seen and remembered unconsciously. But Kramer is intrinsically only the product of Kramer. He worked alone and achieved his own style for himself. He is powerless to explain it or to alter it under criticism. All he does and all he can do is to experiment and make progress in solitude. He is altogether Kramer and altogether American. And I counsel you, he will yet be a most distinguished and provocative figure in our art. His is not what we glibly term big work or strong work, but it is finely imagined and time resisting. It is like certain immutable verses of a Keats, a Poe, a Verlaine. It is beyond criticism because it is beautiful beyond definition.

Personally, Kramer is a shy boy of fifty-five. Imagine a very tall, large framed, lean man, with a thatch of snow-white hair over a big, strongly modeled head—the skull of a saintly pontiff—and you have a notion of the man. His is the cranial form of all that great line of German religious thinkers who reared their vast and futile structure of metaphysics to be torn down by their sons. Kramer has all the imagination and all the speculative bent of these men, and like them he belongs temperamentally in the sacristy or the solitary study. He is painfully self-conscious and retiring. He speaks in a soft, diffident voice, deferring to everyone, putting forth his opinion

with every reservation, asserting nothing. About as ill assorted to the realities of life as ever a man born of woman, and quite as elusive personally as is that something in his pictures that gives them tone and depth.

Once upon a time Kramer introduced me to the preacher of his church with that irritating deference and timidity. I rallied him a little, reminding him that an artist is a greater man than all the exegeses ever born. It developed that he had once wanted to paint the interior of a church and been refused the commission—an obscure, outlying little chapel, mind you. It still hurt him, for he was wounded in a reverent wish.

"Why should you paint their church?" I asked him, "when you are painting your own heaven?"

The thought silenced him and set him to wondering. I think it frightened him a little. Afterward I caught him looking darkly at his paintings, and I went stealthily away.

The American Beauty
Type of 1922

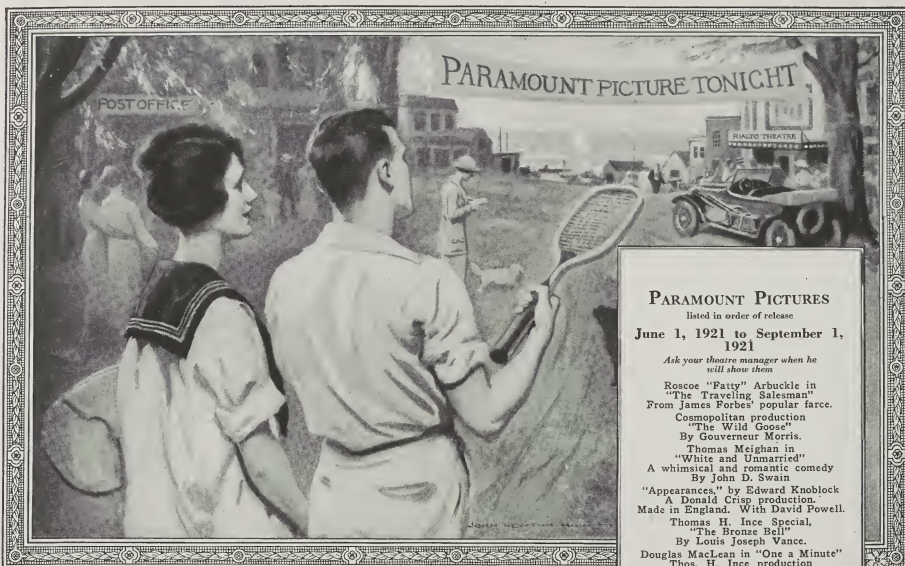
(Continued from page 61)

haughty, she strains too much for dramatic impressiveness. She does not make the most of her natural beauty, because she imagines herself beautiful. Real beauty is never self-consciousness. It blooms without effort. When I select a girl for the chorus, I visualize her in the clothes I have already prepared for her. Of course she doesn't know this, and tries to impress me with the type she imagines herself to be. I may see other possibilities for her which are revealed to her later. All I do, when I look at her, is to see her in an environment for which she must be trained. Therefore I lay stress on the fact that I prefer girls without stage experience.

"Girls who have natural beauty must have a complete equipment. Very few have, and those who are fortunate fail to make a study of it. It has been my task, I have been compelled to study it from the view-point of public approval. When a girl has the blend of perfect figure, face, hair, feet, ankles, she should study those attributes in perspective. Usually there is a tendency among pretty girls to over-accentuate, to lay too much stress on one phase of their beauty rather than on all of the phases properly molded into one effect. This is what clothes do for women, but they cannot do it to perfection unless all the qualities of beauty are originally in the girl.

"I clothe the girls, or rather—re-clothe them when I engage them. Clothes must be fitted to the beauty, not beauty to clothes. It is not the superficially beauty-type, I select, she must be as beautiful as the clothes she wears, choose her slippers as carefully as I do the shade of her stockings. Then we train her, make her body uncautiously plastic.

"Whether blonde or brunette, her attractiveness is emphasized. Tall or petite, she needs beauty-culture."



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The Red Flag in the Russian Ballet

(Continued from page 37)

America and Europe. It has been wonderful. And Pavlova—*marvelous!* I owe everything to her, of course. She thought I had an instinct for color and design, so she let me do the costumes for the Egyptian ballet and for the Syrian dance which you just saw. That scarf"—he pointed to the one he had brandished so fiercely that it appeared a streak of leaping fire—"I colored it in a basin on top of a hotel in Chile. There are no facilities for that sort of thing in South America. All the costumes were made in the company. I did Pavlova's costume, too. It is hand painted."

The story of Pavlova's jealousy of Mordkin's success, current at the time of their professional severance, was characterized by Stowitts as "a wild tale."

"Why, she is delighted with the way Volinine is being received, and she urges me on to every opportunity. I owe a great deal to Volinine, too. He could have prevented me from all this. His contract specifies he shall be Pavlova's only partner and the only male solo dancer. Dont you think Volinine has a great personality? He has the finest technique of any male dancer in the world."

Altho Pavlova and Volinine were ever receptive, the young American undoubtedly met prejudices in the conservative Russian ranks. He might well have been considered a young anarchist bent upon bombing the traditions. There were precedents. He was an American. He had no respect for moldy sentiments. Some regarded his bold innovations, his frenzy for color and the "modern" spirit as little short of hysterical. Even with the Pavlova imprimatur he found it difficult sometimes to develop his ideas. One might expect resentment, impersonal but strong, toward an American propagandist in any Old World ballet. And he, perhaps, was over bold in his enthusiasm to pour new wine into the old receptacle. The thin stream, apparent in his designs and dances, is remarkable in view of the tacit opposition which he must have encountered. But he won more confidence from within by the way he was received from without. In South America and in Europe he was lauded with enthusiasm. "Did they know abroad that you are an American?"

"Yes, they knew; but they didn't seem to mind," he said simply.

When Pavlova gave him a two months' vacation on the Continent he went to the Riviera, where in the smart colony at Cannes he was asked to make an appearance. When the curtain rose, the young American anarchist was dumbfounded to find among his patrons the King and Queen of Portugal, the Queen Mother, the Rajah and Rane of Pudukota, the Shah of Persia, Prince Radzwil,

the Baroness Rothschild, and the Lord and Lady Rocksavage. His own creations with his own personally designed costumes received the royal seal of fervent approval. In Paris, Darius Milhaud of the modern school of French composers wrote a ballet for him which he presented privately at Pavlova's place in London. Then came the unexpected announcement that the Ballet would make another tour of the United States.

"I was terror-stricken," says Stowitts. "Actually scared to death to return here, knowing all the old prejudices. I never was so amazed in my life as I was, upon reaching New York, to find the change which has come over America in the past five years. Sitting in the Century Theater—Americans all about me—I couldn't believe my eyes and ears as I heard the wild applause given Fokine's glorious ballet, saw the dancers giving free play to the expression of bodily beauty,—and not a single censorious or vulgar remark to be heard from anyone. Gad, it was wonderful!"

"I give a lot of the credit for the change to Adolph Bolm, dont you? And, of course, he has been followed up closely by Fokine, who, you know, really got his inspiration for the modern spirit from Isadora Duncan when she visited St. Petersburg. It was after seeing her that he brought new color and life and methods to the old Russian ballet."

"We anticipated, naturally, something of the enthusiasm which the present Pavlova program received abroad. In South America, too, appreciation for the dance has long been intense. But to come home and find dear old America like this—well, you know how we've been received. It's—it's tremendous."

"Pavlova, too, noticed the change instantly. And she is delighted. America has been cursed with Puritanism, but the curse is lifting. The serpent that whispered that the human body was ugly and obscene is being ousted from the garden. Fewer and fewer are the vulgar minds that conceive filth when looking upon beauty."

Encouraged by this change, young Stowitts now is all ambition to remain here and found his own ballet organization of typical American mold.

"By American, I mean South American as well as North. There's a load of material to be had from the Incas as well as from our own Indians. I lived with a colony of negroes in Porto Rico for two months studying the ancient African dances. I introduced these dances in London and they proved a great sensation. I would have done them here, but I was informed there is a race prejudice." He smiled. "You see there are still traditions to be encountered."

Capital has been offered Stowitts for his ballet project if he chooses to remain behind when the Pavlova company moves on to Europe in the spring. If the New York engagement proves long enough for him to formulate more definite plans, he may take advantage of the opportunity at once. It has all been so sudden, as he expresses it, that even yet he's not quite sure of the venture.

"To show you that I'm not all talk in regard to color ideas and setting, I'll show you my design, not yet finished, for the ballet which Milhaud composed."

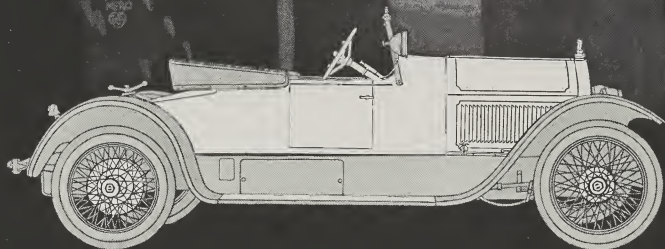
From a corner of the dressing-room he drew out a canvas and unfolded it for my gaze. It was a glow of green, blue and gold in rich, high-thrown masses.

Joseph Urban said of the costumes which Stowitts designed and painted for "The Dumb Girl of Portici": "They are as harmonious as a well-wrought musical theme." And so this background for the Milhaud ballet has a unity and vibrancy of warm imagination.

"The continental ballet to a great extent has degenerated into mere dancing," observed Stowitts. "Ballet is not dancing. It is a fusion of sculpture, architecture, music, drama, acting, painting and dancing,—an evocation of all the senses. Such will be the synthetic pattern of my ballet, woven, of course, with American motifs."

The synthetic form has been forgotten largely by the foreign schools in their concentration upon the technique of the dance alone. Thus Stowitts with his vigor and fervent imagination waves the red flag of new ideas in ballet archaism. His theory that an instinct for drama is as essential as a perfect technique of the toes is not always comprehended. His purpose with the ballet is that of Rodin with stone, to break the line and shiver the syntax; or that of Mallarmé in poetry, to arouse "the silent thunder afloat in the leaves." He would express beauty, love, hate, pain, joy, but above all, ecstasy. When it was desired to create a dance that would stimulate the senses without sensuality, Stowitts created the Syrian dance, madly, fiercely sensuous yet in no way sensual. His ardor is that of a wind in fury, with the tang of sea or prairie. No exotic zephyr breathing the perfume of Alpine velvet on a *Côte d'Azur*, his is a native ecstasy sweeping down from Rocky Mountain crags.

Young Stowitts is a cerebral, as defined by Arthur Symonds, one who feels with the head and thinks with the heart. He may prove the great emancipator of the American dance. Already he has stirred the pagan pulse of Puritanism with a technique and virile splendor as no other American has done.



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Arthur Schnitzler: Master of Moods

(Continued from page 38)

struments. For example, owing to this lack, he got an infection in his arm while operating. Vienna has changed, pitifully changed, since before the war. Once she was the queen-city of the blue Danube.

Whether in the field of the novel or the play, Schnitzler in those days was pre-eminently the spokesman of Vienna. The atmosphere and life of the former Austrian capital was half-dreamy and gay; the social relationships of the people were mild and charged with a haunting tenderness. Life wore a sunny Phaeacian air. A careless and racy plasticity marked the old city as a charming playground where the harsher problems of the world rarely broke in. Now, of course, all this is gone. But before 1914 Arthur Schnitzler clearly voiced in story and play the prevailing tone and spirit of the old capital on the Danube, just as the dreamy waltzes of Johann Strauss embodied that spirit in music.

Taking his work as a whole, it is apparent that Schnitzler mixes a proselytism with such unruly elements as irony and mysticism. The mysticism, however, seems to be used chiefly for the sake of the irony. These elements are skillfully fused together by an almost unerring sense of what is significant in life and what is effective in the theater. The viewpoint, for want of a better or clearer phrase, must be called ironical. It sees men and women with a detached air; it attempts to see life whole. Thus it resembles the cosmic glimpses held by such men as Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy and Anatole France among the moderns. Man, Schnitzler seems to say, is seized by a compelling ego-urge, which everlastingly draws a curious veil over his very act, his every thought. This veil is the veil of illusion. Is it futile to seek to comprehend the world as it exists outside of man's consciousness? Schnitzler answers: It is. Not infrequently thought cannot be divided from the language in which it is clothed. In the same way, life, cannot be parted from the illusions which hedge it round on all sides or, let us say, hedge man round on all sides. In Schnitzler's plays, as in the dream of Chekhov's dreamer, illusion blends with reality and vice versa. Life—what is life? A dream-like maze. In "Paracelsus," a one-act play in verse, the following terse lines clearly utter this viewpoint:

"Our life is wrought of dreams and waking, fused

Of truth and lies. There lives no certitude.

Of others we know naught, naught of ourselves.

We play a part and wise is he who knows it."

If we bear in mind the above, it will cause us no wonder to find Schnitzler's people lacking in animal force, dreaming their lives away, delicately caustic about life and love. And so we come near to grasping why in his work comedy is almost invariably interwoven with tragedy. In Schnitzler's plays we get no

tearing of a passion to tatters. Everything is subtle and well-bred. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, the Austrian poet, describes his fellow-countryman's characters:

"They are like artists and writers who have gathered of an evening in front of the fireplace of one of their number. The appointments are rich and commodious, and the lamp is turned down. Lounging at their ease, they nonchalantly exchange anecdotes and turn paradoxes."

No small measure of these qualities, which are apparent in such later plays as "Intermezzo," "Countess Mizzie," "The Land of the Soul," "Free Game" and "Light-o'-love," will be found in his earliest dramatic effort "The Affairs of Anatol." No modern writer, it is admitted, has approached in veracity and feeling, this exquisite picture of the man-about-town.

Anatol, as he appears in the string of episodes which compose the cycle, belongs to the modern *jeunesse dorée*. But unlike most of its members, he betrays more than a pinch of the self-psychologist in his temperamental make-up. Some would say, himself among the rest, that he is a physician of the feminine soul, a roving amateur in the art of making love and in this rôle he runs pretty thoroly the gamut of Viennese society. He starts with the shop-girl or domestic type who forsakes her respectable home nightly for the gay abandon of the Prater, Vienna's famous amusement resort or street. He ends or, to be exact, he never ends, with the faithless wife who must needs have a lover on the side. Always he is ready to surrender the old love for the new. His sturdy friend and confidant, Max, fishes him out of many a pretty mess, for Max is at the opposite pole from the butterfly Anatol. Eminently practical and cautious, he appraises women with a skeptical eye. In point of fact, he goes so far as to deny that they have brains. Anatol on the other hand never for a moment frees himself from delicious misgivings about women. He tells you he knows—Ah, he knows them! Who, if not he? Isn't he continually experimenting with the species? Yet despite his feminine love, Anatol repeats the old mistakes and, in the end, the genus Woman is still a perplexing mystery to him. To the matter-of-fact mind of Max, women are very simple creatures. If women only had the brains to think about men, how great a mystery men would be to women! That in a nutshell is Max's *frauen theorie*. Few who have read or seen "The Affairs of Anatol" can easily forget such delicious episodes as "The Last Supper," "The Wedding Morning" or the tender dialog in the rain between Anatol and the married woman, a former discarded love. It is difficult, nay, impossible to render adequately the sense of piquancy, pathos and irony that thread the Anatol series. Schnitzler is a fresh and satisfying writer at first hand. His work will not bear being parceled out in second-hand doses.

(Continued on page 72)

A Great Career

(Continued from page 28)

When I asked her if she had any objections to having it mentioned that she was Mrs. Harold Bolster she said she didn't see how I could help it very well.

"Madge Kennedy and Madge Bolster," she said. "To have one you must take the other. It would be hard to dissociate the two of me. And I wouldn't want the dissociation. Before I knew this thing I seemed always to be waiting for something. Unconsciously it is true but waiting nevertheless. And I was not really happy. Oh, of course, I had a very lovely time and a goodly share of success had come to me thru my work but while my life was far from empty it was not so brimmingly full either—it could not have been so. It was naturally a selfish life to some extent. We, all of us, confuse a good time with happiness. That's it, I think. Contentment is the only true happiness and it is not the mecca of a feverish and frantic quest. The very age we live in, too, makes it a rarity—and it is so greatly to be desired."

Wistfully almost she brushed the bright red hat she wears as the crook girl in the first act while I asked her if she believed that our lives were controlled by a presiding destiny.

"I do," she told me, "I think in the bigger issues which come to us we have very very little to say. If not why is it that people invariably come to love with a great devotion the last person in all this world you would choose for them. So often people love those for whom they could have no friendship. We call it the law of attraction and as I believe in it so I believe in the destiny or fate or whatever you call it which controls it."

Above all else it is the earnestness and the sense of sanity of her which fingers with you—whether she's discussing her new play, her personal life, or books, old and new, you find her possessed of an idealism and an optimism which refreshes. Nor is she these things because she is not cognizant of the all of life or lacking an understanding contact with it. A reader, a thinker and a dreamer she must in some wise know of all things. Yet she has come thru and she has not compromised at any time—of that you feel certain.

Essentially she is as on the stage. She smiles and her brown eyes crinkle with a friendly light; she twists her fingers into knots and her tiny feet turn in and then you realize that it is not the young matron to whom you are talking, rather the farcifer of footlights and shadows. And then she enthusiastically tells you of the new home on Riverside Drive which she is furnishing—how she is contentedly planning it room by room; busily visiting auctions and taking her time about it all that the joy may last—and you see a marked copy of the House Beautiful lying open on a wardrobe trunk and you realize that she is right when she tells you that to have Madge Kennedy you must have Madge Bolster.



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Baudelaire: Ironic Dante

(Continued from page 45)

Protean Madonna—a Madonna who shall be Jezebel and Thais and Aspasia. You shall set out for the isles of the Hyperboreans and shall remain to pray at Paphos. You shall play the satyr in the Temple of Vesta. You are a Viking who shall conquer a cabbage patch. You are a Siegfried who shall find his Brunhilde in the corner seraglio. I am the Imp of the Perverse. I am the everlasting contradiction. I am the Nemesis that batters on the brains of poets. I am the sinister incarnation of the Spirit of Modernity. I am a breach in Unity. I am the irony of the heart. And Charles Baudelaire is my masterpiece."

Baudelaire's cruelty was an intellectual cruelty. His malevolence was philosophical. He sought to verify an abstraction, to place himself at the point of view of Nature. And then, if all-powerful Omniscience seeks to chasten us thru agony, why should not he, Baudelaire, be a conscious instrument of that Omniscience?

He was a combination of Puck and Iago. He had just enough of Puck in him to redeem the Iago and just enough of Iago in him to rationalize the Puck. His jest quavered. His diabolism has tremendous reservations. He was an Aristophanes—but an Aristophanes on Calvary.

His poisoned poniard had been to the hilt in his own heart. His sufferings were unique to him. And because of this he had a grudge against those who could not suffer as he suffered. He felt the rage of genius, smitten with its immediate griefs, confronted by the bovine complacency of the "bourgeoisie." At the feast of the Pharisees he was a kill-joy. On the fat cheeks of Mediocrity he squirted his vitriol and under the nose of the optimist—everlasting proof of pre-established stupidity—he rolled his worm-gnawed cadavers. And then he made the sign of the cross.

All sexual emotion leads to God or woman. The mystical satyriasis of St. Augustine and St. Theresa and the sumptuous litanies of lust chanted by Baudelaire and Swinburne over the bodies of their mistresses spurt from the same source. Mysticism is a secondary sexual characteristic. The luminous ecstasies of the saints are born of Eros. And the luminous bodies of women are clothed by the poets in the peplum woven for mystical hours.

Religious mysticism is the eighth deadly sin—greater than all the rest. It is there that the virgin and the voluptuary are paramours. It is there that Sappho and Eugénie de Guérin embrace as sisters. It is there that the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal* and the author of the Apocalypse understand their oneness. It is in that Third Empire of mysticism that the Song of Solomon is chanted by a satyr and the "Laus Veneris" is intoned by a priest of the faith.

In that radiant mist we see Petrarch

and Thomas à Kempis and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and St. Simeon of the Style and Benedict de Spinoza and Paul Verlaine. It is the final Pantheon of the Possessed.

It is there that the mystical sensualist and the God-intoxicated transpire their personalities before the ironic eye of Eros-Jehovah!

Arthur Schnitzler

(Continued from page 70)

His inimitable wit and his insight into life are by way of being an integral element in his literary craft. In the ordinary meaning of the phrase, he reveals little or no plot web. His fable as such is unimportant. For this reason, and for other reasons no less significant, the admirers of Arthur Schnitzler will follow with keen interest the forthcoming pictorialization of one of his finest—certainly one of his most popular character studies: "The Affairs of Anatol." In a way, it provides an acid test as to whether the spirit and temper of the vital written word can be carried over without immense loss into the medium of the screen.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 58)

more frivolous trappings of the country frock and contents itself with being soberly navy blue, brown or dull green instead of sky-blue, rose and jade.

Gingham, linen, ratine and the firmer materials are made in the straight hanging style, loosely belted with a narrow sash. The severity of the lines is broken in some of these street models by box plaits at the sides, and the collar and vest of white organdie is most popular.

The coat-dress is another popular style and is especially good in linen or line. The softer materials, voile, organdie, dimity and swiss, are most attractive when made in the long-waisted, kimono-style blouse with collar of organdie cross-stitched in colors. In fact, these simply made summer frocks depend almost entirely upon their touch of handwork for their decoration—and are voguish.

Cotton hats have come to town, too, as well as to the country—and are most becoming—especially if you happen to be young. Cotton hats to match your dresses! Crisp looking gingham trims all around with organdie flowers. A rainbow display of cotton sports hats splashed with vivid greens and pinks. And if you have an organdie frock—you may have a hat of grey, blue or brown to match it.

There is much allurements in a cotton hat—and it costs but little to make. After all, it's not fine material that is responsible for a creation that is distinctive and becoming.

Among the most important of the new ornamentations this season are the self trimmings. Dresses and coats, many of them, are trimmed with exactly the same material from which they are made.

The Middleman of Beauty

(Continued from page 26)

Our communal spirit has thus far to do solely with the arts. Our music is particularly lovely. That is one of the things I have hoped to make your people familiar with. And then, too, our manner of hospitality, which has made the development of the arts possible, so it seems to me.

"In my country we think nothing of having a thousand guests to dinner. This is so even in an average household."

I gasped, "A thousand?" I thought of my neurasthenic collapse and departing ménage if I dared suggest half a dozen guests.

Mr. Das Gupta smiled. "You are surprised," he said. "I know. But in my country we do not make much of the service as you do here, but only of the talk, of the being gathered there together. It is so different in that way. Here, just one guest represents a knife, a fork, several spoons, the exchange of plates, glassware, so much. In my country we have none of this to fret our minds and take our time. We sit upon the ground. We eat with our fingers. We have our food served to us on large leaves that may be picked from any one of numerous trees. After our meal the debris may be easily brushed away. Such being the case, we can devote all of our energies and thoughts to the art of conversation. And our conversation is upon the arts. So it has been thru the ages. It is, I think, the true hospitality."

"I have hoped," Mr. Das Gupta resumed, with his ready smile, which has in it, too, something of the patience, something of the remote mysticism and something, perhaps, of the fatalism of his East, "to bring the beauties of my people to the attention of yours by means of the drama rather than the lecture platform which must, of necessity, have a limited appeal. It has seemed to me that by the medium of one-act plays, for example, I could appeal to the people thru their emotions and sensibilities as well as thru their intellects. It would be teaching without consciousness. Where people might not go, alas, to hear Dr. Tagore talk, they will go to a play and come away with a conception which they have not known they were absorbing."

Mr. Das Gupta, by the way, came to this country with Sir Rabindranath Tagore. His reverence for the foremost poet of India is apostolic.

"Do you write your own plays?" I asked.

Mr. Das Gupta shrugged his shoulders. He is inclined to self-deprecation. He possesses humility. You think of the word humility when you hear him speak.

"I have written some," he said. "They are not so good. But I shall keep on trying. I feel that if I can succeed practically with the ideal I have conceived visionally I shall have accomplished something, tho it be only to mitigate ever so slightly the adage that 'East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.'"



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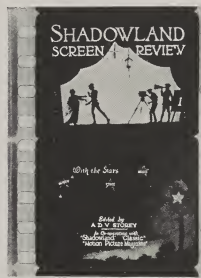
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James Matthew Barrie

(Continued from page 35)

we sat over our cigars at the end of dinner, Greenwood told us of this young Scot who he thought was doing memorable work. He sent me one or two of Barrie's early sketches, if I remember rightly, in praise of smoking and afterwards embodied in "My Lady Nicotine," a book that had a certain success.

It was "A Window in Thrums," however, which appeared somewhere in the mid-eighties that gave Barrie his first triumph. I reviewed it and got Francis Adams to praise it. I thought and still think that two or three of the stories in it belong to literature—are better, I believe, than anything Barrie has done since. I remember talking to Greenwood about them and both of us becoming enthusiastic, not to say lyrical.

A little later Barrie wrote "The Little Minister," a pathetic attempt to translate Carmen into Scotland and relate her creed somehow or other to the Longer Catechism. Never was there such an absurd sentimental appeal; yet it caught on in England. "The Little Minister" was an immense success.

Then came another stroke of luck for Barrie. Miss Toole, the daughter of the famous actor, was enormously attracted by "The Little Minister" and told her father that he ought to get Barrie to do it in a play. The father, an Irishman of distinct ability, fifty-odd years of age, with a theater of his own in London, sent for Barrie, and Barrie was quite willing to try to adapt the story for the stage. He did write a play, which, I suppose, was one of the worst plays ever written; but it was sentimental and tender and affectionate and it caught on. Barrie told me he made five thousand pounds out of it—a fortune to him. And so at thirty-two or thirty-three he became quite a rich man.

A few years later he wrote "Peter Pan," a fantasy which was the greatest success ever known in London and brought in hundreds of thousands of pounds and made Barrie rich beyond his wildest imaginings. Ten years before, he was glad to write ten words for a cent; in this play he got about a hundred dollars a word!

Barrie is what a hard-headed American business man might call an "easy mark," but lovable, nevertheless, and lovable.

Poor little Barrie! Everything he has written has turned to gold. He has been knighted and everyone runs to see him; yet he is the same nervous, retiring, docile little fellow he was forty years ago when Greenwood took him up.

HEART'S DESIRE

By Ivan T. Dowell

The heavy rain falls cold and drear
And echoes in my heart.
While Love is sweet and Life is dear,
Desire, why must we part?

Out of the dawn you came to me,
Into the night you fled.
O weeping skies! say, can it be
Desire is dead?

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Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the cave man type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

This play abounds in pretty scenes, interesting situations and clever acting.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Elene Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

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The August Motion Picture Magazine

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for August anticipates summer afternoon and its needs. It is replete with the better things.

The costumes worn by the cinema stars often rival the creations turned out on the *Rue de la Paix*—We say rival them, advisedly, for they are often conceived and executed right in *Hollywood*. Those worn in the new Cecil B. deMille production *The Affairs of Anatol* were, at any rate. Clever photographic reproductions tell this story.

The *Queen of Sheba*—have you wondered about her philosophy, her thoughts upon men, always an important question. *Betty Blythe* who plays the title rôle in the Fox extravaganza of that name recently came to Gotham. *Gladys Hall* and *Adele Whitley Fletcher* visited her and an ensuing conversation between them has been woven into a unique article—one which touches upon the interesting phases of many things. It is in a delicately humorous vein and will delight you.

When little Johnny plays with a fire-engine it does not necessarily mean that he will be a fireman when he reaches man's estate, but then you can't tell. Take *Harold Lloyd*, for instance, when he was a *youngster* he had a mania for giving shows in the basement of his home. Someone who used to play with him—someone who used to be in the *Lloyd* shows—has written a human story about it and there are apropos illustrations.

There are several other features which make the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE well worth while—interviews with a real news angle—and there are novelizations of the forthcoming *Norma Talmadge* picture, "*Regeneration Isle*," and the ever-popular story of "*Such a Little Queen*," in which *Constance Binney* is starred. Don't miss it!

Herman Rosse: Designer and Theorist of the Theater

(Continued from page 19)

en route in Japan, China, Java and India. His first commission back home was to design the interior and paint the mural decorations of the Peace Palace at The Hague for its formal opening in 1913. In connection with that task he supervised a large pageant which was played in The Hague in commemoration of the founding of the world court of justice. Rosse looks back now on that early work with not a great deal of respect. I asked him what they were doing in the scene of those labors when he revisited it last summer.

"They are using it," he replied with the naïveté of the artist from whom the political world is far distant, "but I don't know what for."

The year 1913 brought Rosse once more to America to superintend the decoration of the Netherlands Government building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, and from that year dates his residence in the United States. In addition to decorating the auditorium for the motor show of 1916 in that city, he executed several other tasks in design, including the Orpheum Theater in Salt Lake City, and in 1918 he accepted an invitation to join the staff of the Chicago Art Institute as head of its department of decorative art. With the exception of several summer excursions back to Holland, therefore, he has lived in this country nearly eight years and he feels that his future lies with us and our theater.

Rosse's imagination was lured to the theater many years before he began actual work in it. All thru his Oriental travels he was a keen student of the eastern theaters, jotting down on paper ideas which came to him for revitalizing the western theater and storing away in his imagination the fundamentals of design for which the art of the Orient is justly noted. Aside from his Peace Pageant in Holland in 1913, his most important actual productions have been that of Messager's "*Madame Chrysanthe*" for the Chicago Opera Company, and of the *Nativity Play* at the Chicago Art Institute, produced in 1919 and revived in 1920, in collaboration with Cloyd Head, as poet, and Eric Delamarter, as composer. He has drawn the plans for a theater for Herman Heijermans in Holland and designed the settings for Mrs. Roland Holst's tragedy in verse, "*Thomas More*," to be produced therein. And he has done a series of settings for Milton's "*The Mask of Comus*," which Pavlova has had under consideration. The remainder of his ideas, set to paper by way of batik or to canvas with oil and brush and exhibited at the Arden Gallery, are for theaters and stages and prosceniums and curtains and productions which he would like to bring to pass. Unlike many preparatory sketches, they are conceived in terms and proportions which intelligent craftsmen could readily translate into the

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Motion Picture CLASSIC for August

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The August Number
of
**Motion Picture
CLASSIC**

Herman Rosse: Designer and Theorist of the Theater

stuff of the stage. His architectural training, like that of Joseph Urban, has not come in amiss, for he conceives of the theater not in terms hopelessly fantastic but in the language of wood and stone and canvas and lighting and mechanical equipment, as any designer for the theater in this new day must do if he is to command the opportunity to bring his dreams to life.

Closely linked with both the theoretical and practical aspects of his mind is Rosse's desire to make over the building in which the theater as an art is to be practised. He looks upon the playhouse of to-day as a nondescript pile of steel and stone, ill-suited even to the limited demands which are made upon it by the current realistic drama. For the newer types of symbolic and abstract plays toward which he and other imaginative minds are reaching, and for that exalted and spiritualized style of realism promised to us in "Diff'rent" and the other naturalistic plays of Eugene O'Neill, he demands not one form of theater to serve diverse purposes but various types of structure, each one peculiarly adapted to the purpose for which it is to be used. In his exhibition were designs for an outdoor theater where Greek dramas could be revived in the spirit of the original rather than as archaeological copies; for an oval theater, suited to particular kinds of symbolic and imaginative plays; for a severely square theater where realistic plays could be presented without any intrusions on the illusion which they sought to attain. In his exhibition, too, were suggestions of prosceniums and stages for recitals, for plays using a minimum of scenery; for plays using curtains only; for plays using flats. In fact, his mind is open and his imagination is stretching to conceive of any arrangement of auditorium and stage which will emphasize and magnify the things which the playwright and the actor and the designer are trying to do rather than serve as an obstruction to their efforts to express themselves.

One of the most intriguing phases of Rosse's art to-day, an aspect of which his exhibition gave only a hint thru two or three designs and sketches, is his investigation into the possibilities of moving scenery. The whole problem is still in its experimental stages in his own mind, both the question of what can be accomplished thereby to make the theater a more vivid and significant art and the question of how to achieve the results desired. On the whole, he sees in it a means of linking the actor more intimately with the scenic background, of making the entire production flow in rhythmic and plastic line to the end that the emotional reaction in the theater may have greater variety and yet greater unity and intensity. The aspect of the contemporary theater which propelled him on this investigation is the tendency of the scenic settings to pull away from the plastic elements of the production and to

remain fixed and static while these elements are in constant motion. Other artists of the theater have been bothered by this problem and have sought and to some extent have found the way to solve it by the manipulation of the lighting and by the use of scenery spotted with various colors in such a manner that it will present varying aspects under different lights. But the problem still exists.

Striking at the heart of the difficulty, Rosse proposes a stage on which the scenery moves as well as the actors, in keeping with the demands of various moods which are to be represented or suggested on that stage. He realizes fully that if carried too far this expedient will defeat itself and attract undue attention to a single and perhaps a minor element in the *mise en scène*. But he realizes, too, that any such innovation will attract more attention while the spectators are getting used to it than it will after they have accepted it as one of the conventions of the theater. If they had been accustomed to such a scenic background and had suddenly been plunged into a theater where the scenery was static, their attention would be distracted in no less a manner.

Overriding these initial obstacles, therefore, he proceeds to meet the practical drawbacks that lie on his path. Recognizing the fact that experiment alone will test their worth and perhaps evolve more suitable expedients, he proposes for one thing the use of projected light, with its source behind the proscenium, a development in the hands of an artist of the process of the motion picture cartoons. In less ambitious vein, he suggests actors disguised as elements of the scenery, with streamers attached to their arms; firmly corrugated surfaces revealing varying aspects after the manner of certain window advertisements; the development of the idea of canvas spotted with various colors which Urban introduced on the American stage, but carried beyond Urban in more intricate applications; moving floors, either actually moving or giving the appearance of motion by the use of colors spotted in fine grooves. The whole idea is still rather vague in his mind, but on the face of it, it belongs distinctly in the swing of the new movement in the theater which is reaching out for more eloquent means of expression.

The New York exhibition is not Rosse's first, for it was preceded by others in San Francisco, in Chicago and in Holland. In connection with these previous exhibitions, he has had interesting things to say about his art in the catalogs. Only a few of his most significant sentences can be quoted here:

"If we earnestly wish to bring the theater to a much more exalted position, to the symbol of life as we wish it, we must take no conditions for granted. If the theater is to be a link between ourselves and our ideals, we must first cut down the old structure and then rebuild from the footing up."

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Herman Rosse: Designer and Theorist of the Theater

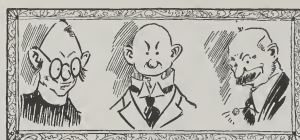
"The painter-designer indicates the scene, but does not portray it, and in that way the play gains in power, for our imagination if once started in the right direction is a better decorator and property man than the best and most realistic in the profession."

"In solving the problems of the theater, we shall find the maxims of the artist-craftsman of value, because however much he may theorize about a problem, he ultimately tests the validity of his conclusions by use. An argument may be spun out indefinitely on the artistic desirability or non-desirability of speech in the drama. The artist-craftsman would simply test the validity of each contention by the results. Drama can be great if produced without the aid of words, but drama can also be great if aided by music, color, words, and incense, and is not necessarily less abstract that way. The Roman Catholic high mass employs all sensuous appeals. The Indian dancers' pantomime employs a few only. Both are great drama."

"All different sorts of stages can have their greatness. Chartres Cathedral is not like a small village church in Normandy, yet both are temples in which bodies of people worship their God, and both are worthy of their destiny. Our world has gained thru their being different."

If I were to discover some new idea in the theater, I know of no one with whom I would rather talk it over than Herman Rosse. Despite his definite belief in his own ideas, he brings a keenly sympathetic and comprehending imagination to his examination of any fresh aspect of his art. There is no hint of compromise in him in the ordinary sense of the word, but I see in him almost week by week a growing conviction that the art of the theater of the future will be an eclectic art, taking from various conflicting theories and manners of expression their most vital elements and fusing them into one. Some time ago he wrote on this subject in *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and, pausing only to say that his belief in ultimate compromise is still stronger to-day, I shall let him conclude in his own words:

"In the theater of to-day two tendencies are very evident—one toward a rare and precious artificiality, and one toward a new and vital realism. The first tendency will probably work itself out in the actress theater. The second tendency will probably lead by the way of a slow development of the purely constructive stage and the oratory platform to a new type of churchlike theater, with reflective domes, beautiful materials, beautiful people—to a revitalizing of art by a complete reversal from the artificial to the living real. If we are going to stay true to the spirit of the time, both of these tendencies will develop side by side until reality carries the day—or will time assert itself still further and will the result be a compromise?"



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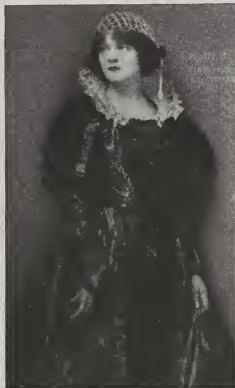
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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tint and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely, and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—never even so—because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for a half dozen. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

The Comforts of the American Home

It is a well-known fact that, home for home, the American household has more comforts and conveniences than that of any other nation.

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